Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 24, 1955 / 20¢

RECORDINGS

PEPPER COAST REPUBLIC

By John Gunther

MARXIST MUSIC

Some Dangerous Illusions

By Sir Thomas Beecham, Bt.

HENRY HEWES WITH THE OLIVIERS IN ENGLAND

Beryl Grey, who is dancing with the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company. (See page 27)

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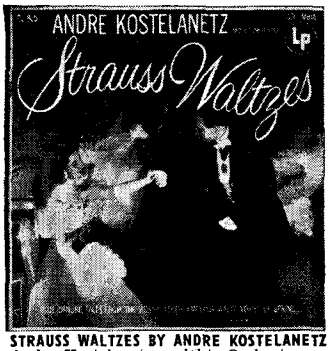

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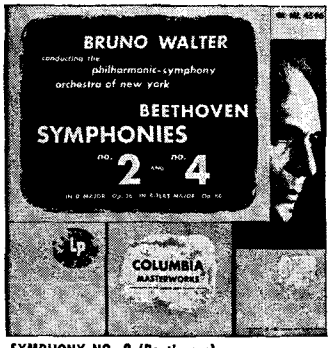

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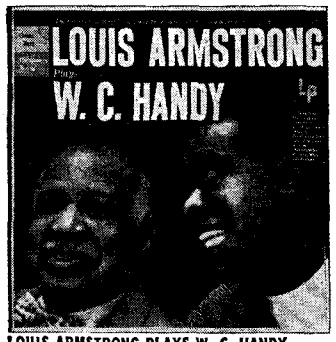

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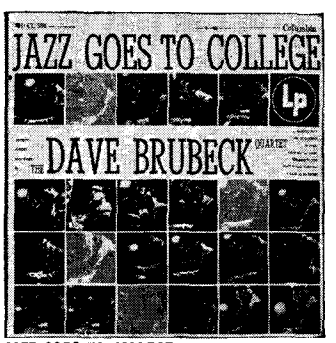

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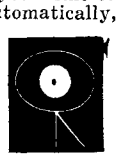
HOW THE CLUB OPERATES

You enroll in the Division of your choice. However, regardless of the Division you join, you will be free to choose records from any other Division. The monthly Magazine brings you complete, advance information about all Club Selections. It lists the monthly Selection and an alternate choice in each of the four Divisions.

Naturally, you will be most interested in the record Selection for your Division. If you decide you'd like to have it, you simply let it come to you, automatically, by mail. If you do not want it, you so notify the Club by returning the convenient mailing form always provided. You may, if you wish, order the alternate record for your Division, or records from any other Division. Or you may take no record at all that month.



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Editor-at-Large

One of my colleagues and I were discussing the other day the question of what makes people readers. "I got my own first real feeling for books and reading," he said, "when my grandfather used to read aloud to the family.

"His favorite books were those wonderful long novels of 19th-Century England — Dickens and the rest of them—and the reading of one of these books could be a full winter's project for the entire family.

"I remember that on nights when I was sent to bed early, I used to come down the next morning and read myself the parts I had missed.

"It's curious," he continued, "how the people in those books stick in my memory. They're far more real than those substitutes that television offers us for an evening's entertainment—quiz contest winners, Giant outfielders, or even Davy Crockett.

"The kind of book we liked then doesn't seem to turn up very often these days. That's why I think people will welcome Tom Costain's new novel, 'The Tontine.' "

My own reaction to this book bears out my friend's contention. "The Tontine" is a novel in the grand tradition. It is almost one thousand pages long and is being published in two volumes. It follows the lives and fortunes of four generations of three English families in 19th-Century England and America. It has story enough for half a dozen lesser novels.

Moreover, it is built upon a device (the Tontine, from which its title is derived), which ensures a gradual heightening of suspense and a smashing climax.

Probably there won't be many families who can find time to read "The Tontine" aloud. But whether it is read to a group or silently to one's self, I think it is a pretty safe prediction that anyone who starts it will find that, even after a thousand pages, he is sorry there isn't more.

L. L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

"The Tontine," by Thomas B. Costain, is published in two volumes each containing 480 pages of readable type. It is priced at only $5.95 for the set, and is published by Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N. Y. It is also the October selection of the Literary Guild.

The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 24, 1955

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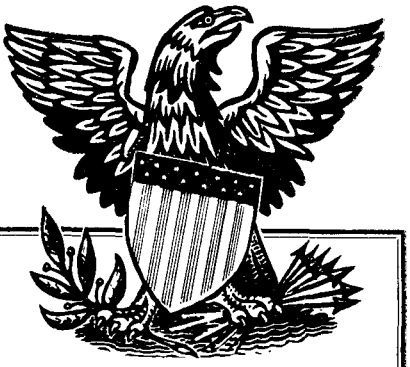

"...to show the world by one great successful experiment of what man is capable."

AMERICA AND EUROPE face each other across an ocean (and one might add, a language) which has been both a link and a barrier. The first colonies began as a transatlantic bridgehead of Europe. With political independence and the opening of the frontier, the colonial fringe became the Eastern seaboard of a new continent. It is in the interplay of these two themes in American history — the Atlantic and the continental — that Frank Thistlethwaite finds the key to the dualism of American relations with Europe, to the ambivalence of American outlook, conscious of its links with the past, and at the same time determined "to show the world by one great successful experiment of what man is capable."

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TRADE Winds

ONE OF THE PLEASANTEST things about being associated with the publishing business is learning about books when they are sometimes no more than a contractual gleam in their publisher's and author's eyes. The other day for instance I listened with fascination to Dr. William S. Beck, who has just signed with Harcourt, Brace for a book which probably will be published in about a year. It sounds as if it will perform for today's reader something of the scientific service which the works of Sir James Jeans and Sir Arthur Eddington performed for theirs a few decades ago. Dr. Beck is an M.D. who has been doing some profound research in the field of biochemistry. He is one of the scientists who have been probing into living tissue searching for the elemental stuff of life. Much as the nuclear physicists discovered the electron within the atom, these men are studying a substance—an acid—of which the genes and chromosomes are made and which seems to come very close to being final irreducible living matter. His book, as yet untitled (he refuses my suggestion: "A_2 Loves B_3"), will probably appeal to mechanists who will see in it a chance at long last to make human-seeming robots. But it may appeal even more to those who have been searching for the answer to the question "What is the basic stuff of God's Creation?"

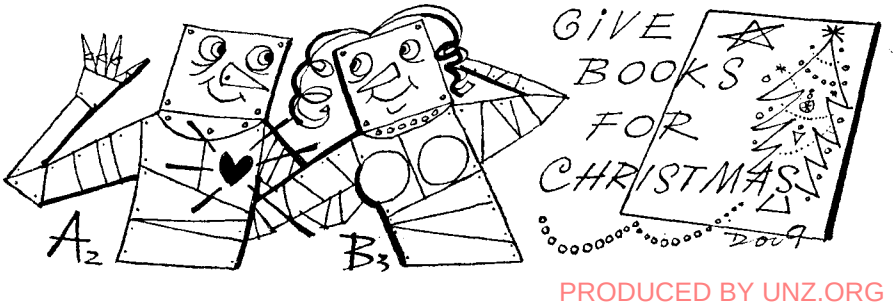
ANOTHER BOOK which I have been privileged to see at various stages of its creation will be published by Harper's at just about the time this column appears. Its title "The Fears Men Live By," its author Selma Hirsh. Some years ago Harper's published five ponderous volumes called "Studies in Prejudice," very distinguished, very scholarly. What Mrs. Hirsh has done is to take the meat of these studies, and particularly of volume three, "The Authoritarian Personality," and to write her interpretation of this remarkable examination into the things men hate and the fears which cause them to hate. It's a ground-breaking book, stimulating, very readable, and a most important one, to which Dr. Harry Overstreet has written a glowing foreword.

I AM CONTINUING to get mail as the result of my comments about reading, or rather the lack of reading, in the United States. All of this mail is being turned over to the National Book Committee as promised. Many of the letters suggested that the publishers should get together on a co-operative advertising venture to sell the idea of reading. Whether this can or will be done I don't know, but this year American Book-Stratford Press will run a two-page newspaper advertisement in major cities urging people to give books as Christmas presents, listing some especially attractive recent books, and listing as well local bookstores in which they can be bought. The copy for this advertisement was written by Simon and Schuster's Jack Goodman, and I don't remember when I have seen better.

SOME PEOPLE I KNOW USED TO PLAY a game called "Conversation Stopper." The idea was to say something after which nothing else whatever could possibly be said. The game was won permanently some years ago by a lady who broke into a conversational lull with "My grandfather used to have a wonderful fund of stories—pity he never told any of them."

Next to the conversation stopper comes the conversation luller. A "luller" is a statement which makes no possible sense but which sounds as if it does and which, when injected into a non-animated conversation, causes everybody to get a little sleepier. Like this one: "He was president of the company for all seven of its fifteen years." Try it sometime. It's more effective than seconal.

I SEEM TO HAVE caught hold of a lot of thorns when I stated in a recent column that roses are seldom named



8 ★ CHICAGO DAILY NEWS, Tuesday, March 16, 1948

FUGITIVE SINCE 1945

Wife Sticks to Ex-POW Nabbed by FBI Here

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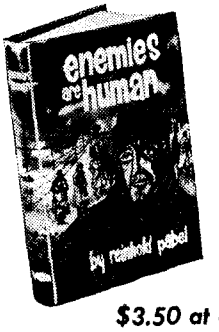

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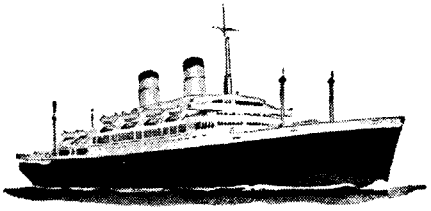

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after individuals and that the naming of one after Amy Vanderbilt was unusual. Rose growers have written in to tell me I am wrong and to point out the number of times roses have been named after people. Well, damn it all, I didn't say roses were never named after people—I just said that most times they weren't, and when you consider the thousands of rose varieties that have been named and the relatively small number of people so honored it still seems perfectly proper to say that Amy Vanderbilt has thus been especially, if not uniquely, honored. The other day,

incidentally, I heard from Amy that a book had been sent for review to a publication issued at San Quentin and that the San Quentin reviewer had called it "good escape reading."

IT IS TWENTY YEARS since Jonathan Latimer wrote "Lady in the Morgue," one of the most enjoyable mysteries ever published. Thereafter he went to Hollywood and probably earned more in a week than a mystery novel earns in a year. Now—or rather in October—Mr. Latimer will give us, via Inner Sanctum, another hard-boiled gem, "Sinners and Shrouds." This is one of the facts that I learned when I had dinner recently with Inner Sanctum's Lee Wright, and Frank Taylor, who masterminds for Dell. Also present—and, indeed, the guest of honor—was William A. P. White, a gentleman from Berkeley, California. The name may not ring a bell with you until I tell you that he used to write mysteries, and now reviews them, for *The N. Y. Times*, under the name of Anthony Boucher, and that he also reviews science fiction for the *N. Y. Herald Tribune* under the name of H. H. Holmes. A. P. had already won my affectionate regard long before I met him. Now he cemented it by laughing uproariously at a couple of stories I told him. I would be glad to re-tell them here but *The Saturday Review* goes through the United States mails and these stories are definitely for neither your grandmother nor the Postmaster General.

WE FOUND THAT we were in agreement on a number of points, particularly that few modern mystery writers have written more skilful and more puzzling mysteries than has John Dixon Carr, who is published under that name by Harper's and under the name

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of Carter Dixon by Morrow. A. P. and I tried to decide which was the very finest mystery Carr every wrote. He voted for "The Crooked Hinge"—I voted for "The White Priory." We finally reached compromise agreement on "The Blind Barber," making it unnecessary for us to leave our chicken tetrazzini and to step outside. Which was fortunate for me because he knows so much more than I do about murder.

A. P. IS SO BUSY with his reviewing and his editing of science-fiction magazines that he hasn't written a mystery novel in a long, long time. I am sure thousands wish he would, thousands who remember that wondrous first mystery of his, "The Case of the Seven of Calvary."

SEVERAL COLUMNS AGO I referred to Mark DeWolfe Howe as a father who has three children in "Who's Who." Donald Barnhouse of Doylestown, Pennsylvania, points out that both Elias Compton and David Eisenhower have three children in "Who's Who." O.K., Mr. Barnhouse, but I am afraid I have to top you—Mark Howe not only has three children in "Who's Who" but he's got a nephew there, George Howe, who wrote the novel "Call It Treason," which won the Christophers' Award and became a very successful motion picture.

ANOTHER PENNSYLVANIA correspondent, C. W. Nieman of Bethlehem, asks a pretty good question. Why, he wants to know, if it is so important to read stage directions when reading a play are those directions always set in italics, making them quite difficult to read? I am not the man to answer that question but a chap by the name of Bennett Cerf, whose firm has probably published more plays than any other current trade-book publishing house, *is* the man to answer it, and maybe some weeks hence he will.

—Alan Green.

Trade Winds *is being conducted by Alan Green while Bennett Cerf is on vacation.*

Garden

By Witter Bynner

See me crouching,
Part of a tree:
You look on a garden,
Looking on me.

These roots commingle
From their birth.
So do I
With all the earth.

THREE TELEPHONE PIONEERS from different sections of the country are shown here. They are Robert C. Price of Williamsport, Pa.; Mrs. Marguerite T. Burns of Minneapolis, Minn.; and Melvin F. Held of St. Louis, Mo. Shown also are emblems of the two Pioneer associations.

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The Saturday Review

SEPTEMBER 24, 1955

PEPPER COAST REPUBLIC

Unfortunately, all philanthropies do not prosper and all republics are not righteous. This is the sad lesson of John Gunther's vignette of the troubled little state of Liberia on the West African Coast. The article is excerpted from Mr. Gunther's latest continental survey, "Inside Africa," to be published the end of this month by Harper. (Copyright, 1955, by John Gunther.)

True Whig Partisans demonstrating for Tubman's reelection.

By JOHN GUNTHER

This is a sick country—maybe it will get well.—AN AMERICAN OFFICIAL IN MONROVIA.

LIBERIA is *sui generis*—unique. I could use any of several adjectives about it—"odd," "wacky," "phenomenal," or even "weird." It is roughly the size of Ohio or Tennessee, but the entire country has only ten miles of paved road, five of which are in the capital. There are no more than 260 miles of "all-weather" roads, and not all of these (except in the Firestone area) are actually passable at all times. The total road mileage—including dirt tracks—is only 800. Liberia never had a road at all until 1916, when an enterprising American diplomat built one in Monrovia itself, so that he could use an automobile that had arrived there by mistake, the first ever to be seen in the country.

Only two native Liberians have ever become doctors. There are also two naturalized Haitian M.D.'s, but in the whole country there are probably not more than half-a-dozen reputable physicians, outside of Firestone and the missions. Infant mortality among Africans runs as high as 75 per cent in some areas. No public-health service at all existed till 1931—and Liberia has been an independent republic since 1847! More than 90 per cent of the population is illiterate.

The poverty of most Liberians is formidable. Recently a distinguished visitor from abroad, representing an agency of the United Nations, was taken out into the Hinterland to inspect a new agricultural station. The delegation accompanying him included a cabinet minister, no less, whom we may call Mister X. Some cabbages, grown at the station, were on proud display. These were so good that anybody might well have coveted them; nevertheless the U.N. man was somewhat surprised when he saw Mr. X pick one up surreptitiously and toss it into his car. Mr. X.'s chauffeur then darted forward and seized one too, and others in the official party followed suit.

Thievery—the cities swarm with thieves—is most conspicuous during the rains. First, rice is short then, and people are hungry. Second, the noise of the rain makes it easy for thieves to get around. Stealing is, however, by no means confined to professional criminals or to the poor, who are so miserable that petty theft may easily be forgiven. It is almost a national sport. Newspapers talk openly of "wholesale stealing" in government departments. Recently the Italian legation lost, of all things, its safe. Even at a fashionable cocktail party in Monrovia an unwary guest may have his pocket nimbly picked or his wallet rifled. Liberians love to wear top hats, and the joke is that these are useful as well as decorative in that they are so convenient for the temporary disposal of minor loot. A hostess may even find rolls of her toilet paper missing, and a top hat is an admirable place for concealing objects of this nature.

As to corruption in Liberia, that, too, like the rains, is really something. It exists on all levels. Money is, let us say, assigned to some government department for a worthy project. But it

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is rare for the entire sum to reach its proper destination. Underlings help themselves to a share of the appropriation as it moves along, like mice nibbling at a piece of cake. This would not matter much in a rich country, but it is a disaster in one with such a small budget as Liberia.

Most educated Africans in neighboring countries pay lip service to Liberia because it is an independent republic, created by freed Negro slaves, but they despise it inwardly, because it constitutes a betrayal of what modern Africans stand for. Even Ethiopia has higher standards. Liberia might almost be called a kind of perverse advertisement for imperialism, since, although the country is free, the people are so badly off compared to those in most French and British colonies. Liberia has not had the advantages in education and similar fields that enlightened colonialism provides. This does not, however, mean that Africans are not capable of advance, in Liberia or anywhere else. What it does mean is that Liberian governments in the past have not been good enough. Members of the ruling class, which happens to be Negro, have not done a tithe of what they should have done for their own Negro people.

AN AMERICAN STEPCHILD

Liberian backwardness and squalor strike an American visitor doubly hard, because the country is so closely associated with the United States. The flag is red, white, and blue (but with only one star and eleven stripes) and American dollars are the legal tender. The constitution is closely patterned on that of the United States, and was drawn up by a dean of the Harvard Law School. One Liberian county is named Maryland, and there is a town called Philadelphia. Most Liberians, at least in Monrovia, wear Western dress, not African tribal costume. American officers train the Liberian Frontier Force, the country's "army." But if you suggest to a patriotic Liberian that his country is a "colony" or "protectorate" of the United States, he will wax extremely wroth.

One brief word on Liberian history. Almost everybody knows something of this romantic tale. The area was once called the "Pepper" or "Grain" coast. Liberia was created by the American Colonization Society, a private organization (its first president was a nephew of George Washington) formed in 1816 to transport freed American slaves to Africa, where they might settle and start a new life on their own. The motive was only humanitarian in part. A good many American slaveowners wanted to get freed slaves out of the country; it was dangerous to have them around. Also in 1819 the American navy was empowered to seize slave ships on the high seas, free any slaves found, and return them to Africa, as part of an attempt to suppress what remained of the organized slave trade. The American Government (under President Monroe) and the American Colonization Society worked together. An expedition was sent out to explore the possibility of settlement on the Liberian coast. The British had already

Tubman—"we are not disgruntled."

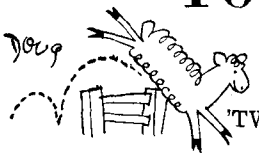
done the same thing in Sierra Leone. The expedition arrived safely in 1822. Payment, "after long and tedious palavers with the native kings," consisted among other things of "six muskets, one box beads, two hogsheads of tobacco, one cask gunpowder, six iron bars, six pieces blue baft, three pairs shoes, one box soap, one barrel rum, one dozen knives and forks, ten iron pots, and a dozen spoons."

The new community suffered every known privation. Of the first eighty-eight Negroes to arrive twenty-nine died of disease. The survivors are the foundation of contemporary Liberian society. Authorities differ on the total number of Negroes who, from beginning to end, created Liberia out of America, but it was not large. Probably the Americo-Liberians, as descendants of the pioneers are called, and who comprise Liberia's tightly interlocked ruling class, do not number more than 15,000 today. If the country as a whole has 1,500,000 people (nobody knows, but this is a reasonable guess) this dominant and exclusive Americo-Liberian *bloc* makes up only 1 per cent of the total population.

The American Colonization Society administered Liberia for some years, and the early governors (one was a cousin of President Buchanan's) were white. In 1847 the Society withdrew, and Liberia became an independent Negro republic, but the most southerly province, Maryland, did not join the new nation till 1857. For some reason that has never been totally clear the United States, whose foster child Liberia was, did not recognize its independence till the 1860s. Poverty was the worst curse. Since there were no

(*Continued on page* 31)

Your Literary I. Q.



Conducted by John T. Winterich

'TWIXT ONE SLEEP AND THE NEXT

Lysander Kemp of Jocotepec, Mexico, offers a dozen titles of various things which, taken together, carry the reader from one beddy-bye to the next. He asks you to identify the authors from the scrambled list which is appended. Get six correct answers and your rest should be troubled, seven through ten and care will flee your pillow, eleven or twelve and you're wide awake. Answers on page 20.

1. "The Big Sleep"	( )	Stephen Vincent Benét
2. "The Sun Rising"	( )	Raymond Chandler
3. "From Death to Morning"	( )	Samuel Taylor Coleridge
4. "Noon Wine"	( )	John Donne
5. "Afternoon of a Pawnbroker"	( )	William Faulkner
6. "That Evening Sun"	( )	Kenneth Fearing
7. "Twilight in Italy"	( )	D. H. Lawrence
8. "Night Rider"	( )	Vachel Lindsay
9. "Disillusionment at Ten O'Clock"	( )	Katherine Anne Porter
10. "Abraham Lincoln Walks at Midnight"	( )	Wallace Stevens
11. "Thirteen O'Clock"	( )	Robert Penn Warren
12. "The Pains of Sleep"	( )	Thomas Wolfe

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The "Mocking Madonna"

***"The Moth and the Star," by Aileen Pippett** (Little, Brown. 368 pp. $5), is a biography of the English novelist Virginia Woolf. Leon Edel, who reviews it below, is the biographer of Henry James and the author of "The Psychological Novel."*

By Leon Edel

AILEEN PIPPETT'S biography of Virginia Woolf, "The Moth and the Star," is not a "life" in the traditional biographical sense. It is concerned with essence rather than with detail. It neither weighs us down with documents nor burdens us with expository footnotes. It is only roughly chronological and it carries its erudition lightly and gracefully. In a word, it is Lytton Stracheyan rather than Boswellian, and that is as it should be for one who, as Mrs. Pippett puts it, was "as fragile as a moth and enduring as a star."

The result is a brilliant, often shimmering mood-picture rather than a stratified "life." Posterity will have to decide about Mrs. Pippett's image of the star. The image of the moth, however, springs from Mrs. Woolf's own writings. Her work reminds me of nothing so much as one of those great, fragile, luminous, velvety creatures beating delicate wings against a pane or screen in a tireless—and passionate—attempt to reach an unattainable light. We are not surprised when we discover Mrs. Woolf speaking of the "glass between me and everybody."

There was doubtless a wall of some kind there and she could also create a magical wall of words. Mrs. Pippett has understood from the first that Virginia Woolf's life, more than that of most writers, defies the heavy documentary manner, the weighty card index. How record the life of one who herself sought to capture the iridescence of the hours, who wrote not so much of matters of fact as of moments of feeling? The answer admirably given us is in a life evoked rather than literally re-created. This is not, however, as tenuous and mothlike as it sounds, for at the core there was a drama: that of a valiant creative life, lived out "between the acts"—between the wars—valiant because it occurred on the dark frontiers between sanity and insanity, with literature serving as a translucent lifebelt within the chaos. In the end chaos descended; the lifebelt failed Virginia Woolf. But not before she had thrown open a whole new row of windows in the house of fiction and let great patches of sunlight and a fresh breeze into the musty rooms.

Mrs. Pippett is not concerned so much with what Mrs. Woolf did for fiction as with disentangling her deeply complex personality, "a mystic without religion, a philosopher without a system, a woman divided against herself, desiring but never achieving an unattainable unity." She has so saturated herself with the available materials of the Bloomsbury Group—not to speak of its biographical concepts—that she writes as if she had been a member of it herself. Some of her material was obtained in talks with Mrs. Woolf's contemporaries; the greater part derives from the novelist's letters to her intimate friend of two decades, Victoria Sackville-West (who herself sat for the biographical fantasy of "Orlando"). The criticism might be made that Mrs. Pippett has perhaps narrowed her picture somewhat by leaning heavily on a single source. Fortunately, she has applied certain available correctives—notably Mrs. Woolf's diary and her other writings.

The portrait, beautifully framed and hung before us, is of a writer who came to maturity at the end of the last century, the daughter of an eminent Victorian, Sir Leslie Stephen. He lived entirely in his books; in his intercourse with his fellow humans

—The British Council.

Virginia Woolf—"divided against herself."

—Ros Balcombe.

THE AUTHOR: After decades of strict adherence to pseudonymity Aileen Pippett has, at fifty-nine, decided the time has come at last to allow her name to appear in print. Mrs. Pippett, a Londoner-turned-U.S. citizen, began writing back in 1920 as a staff member of the London *Daily Herald*, but "By Aileen Pippett" never turned up on its pages. Instead all sorts of aliases bylined her pieces on books, music, and art. Once, however, she weakened, and used her real name at her wedding to Roger Pippett, the newspaper's literary editor. Anyway, after years of *nom de plume* life Mrs. Pippett, with Mr. Pippett, sailed for the States, hoping to get out of journalism. By the time they debarked, however, Mr. Pippett decided not to get out, but Mrs. Pippett stuck by her guns. She became interested in child welfare and education, but then suffered a bad relapse: she began writing again. " 'The Moth and The Star' is my first book, and the first use of my real name," she says happily. Mrs. Pippett met Virginia Woolf once, in a Bloomsbury attic, unexpectedly, in the mid-Thirties. "Through my newspaper work I knew many of the Group personally and most of them by reputation," she recalls. "But I was young, obscure, unambitious, busy earning a living, and in full agreement with my husband that authors and critics should keep their distance from one another." If she was not on a first-name basis with Mrs. Woolf, Mr. Woolf, Mr. Strachey, Mr. Keynes, Mr. Forster, and the other "Bloomsberries," she knew the world in which they lived, all right. "I roamed over Kensington Gardens and the Sussex Downs," she says. "I knew London in its infinite variety as Virginia Woolf did, through living and working and playing in it." In 1953 she returned, receiving help for her biography from Elizabeth Bowen, Lord David Cecil, and Victoria Sackville-West, among others. "My only hope of repaying them," she says, "lies in my attempt to write a book sufficiently interesting for readers to discover for themselves something of the woman they loved as well as the artist they admired."

—BERNARD KALB.

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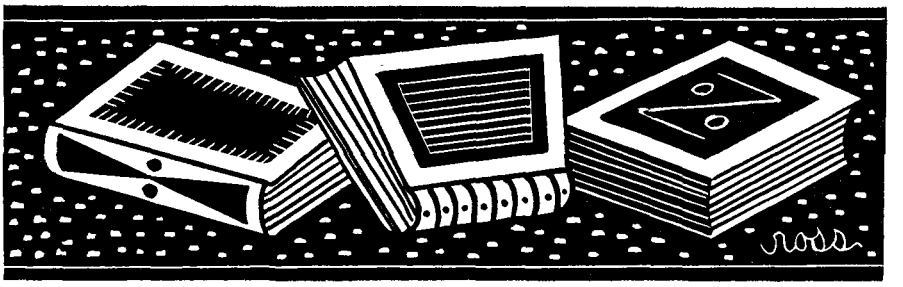
he was a monument of British inarticulateness. Virginia's mother, Sir Leslie's second wife, died when her daughter was thirteen. The girl grew to womanhood faced with a silent father whom she worshipped but could seldom reach. She could, however, reach his many-tomed library, and he gladly helped her, so that her saturation in literature was to be perhaps the most complete of any English woman of letters.

To judge by the evidence adduced by Mrs. Pippett the novelist became an embodiment of a kind of rage of achievement. There was the overpowering need to live up to paternal standards; and there was the rage of finding herself a female in a society which, though ruled during her formative years by a Queen, held to an ideal of masculine supremacy. "Orlando," "A Room of One's Own," and "Three Guineas" all reflect these large anomalies.

Mrs. Woolf's life was marked by month-long "amphibious" headaches when reality blurred beyond all meaning and the universe squeezed itself into the likeness of a snail. Then would follow the bright clear periods. The rage would dissolve into verbal satire and irony, so that she became the "mocking Madonna" Lord David Cecil described, holding her literary offspring in her arms. Behind the plate glass she was the genial hostess of Bloomsbury, the co-founder of the Hogarth Press, the gifted essayist, lecturer, broadcaster, and the reviewer for the London *Times Literary Supplement*. Mrs. Pippett has admirably set her among her contemporaries, Vita Sackville-West, Lytton Strachey, Roger Fry, E. M. Forster, Clive Bell, and the others who gave England its finest intellectual life between the wars.

One regrets, however, that Mrs. Pippett has not pressed harder to set Virginia Woolf as well in her niche in English literature and to assess her role as an innovator in the English novel, and notably in the "stream of consciousness" genre. The weakest part of this otherwise remarkable portrait is the discussion of Mrs. Woolf's novels. Her creative life, it seems to me, should not be divorced from the literary currents that swirled about her—Joyce and Proust and D. H. Lawrence, the writers read and discussed and valued in Bloomsbury.

To make this criticism, however, is perhaps to ask of Mrs. Pippett a larger canvas and a bigger frame than she intended. The portrait she has completed is beautiful enough, and certainly a striking likeness. As such it will hold a distinguished place in the portrait gallery of the makers of twentieth-century literature.



Eight Europeans in Brief

By EDWARD A. BLOOM

UNDER the broad title "Studies in Modern European Literature and Thought" the Yale University Press is bringing together a group of volumes free of the editorial stereotyping which too often marks "series." Though readers may quarrel with certain premises and conclusions, they must admire the sturdy independence of judgment and style, the keenness of intelligence which inform most of these little books. Many of the subjects concerned have already been widely recognized; others, still obscure except in their native countries, well merit their introductions to expanded audiences. And, though each subject has achieved his own kind of greatness, the critics have not hesitated—and usually on solid principles—to mete censure where deserved along with praise. Thanks to the compression imposed by the series, generally only the relevant has been included; though, of course, there must be complaints about inevitable omissions. The international flavor of these volumes, which is expressed in range of subjects and comparative analogies, is a welcome challenge to parochialism.

So far eight volumes have been published—studies of Alessandro Manzonni by Bernard Wall, Ivan Alexandrovich Goncherov by Janko Lavrin, Stefan George by E. K. Bennett, Heinrich von Kleist by Richard March, and the four volumes discussed below. Each is $2.50.

FRANCOIS MAURIAC: France's foremost man of letters, Nobel Prizewinner François Mauriac, has been the target of severe criticism and ebullient praise. While Sartre has called Mauriac no novelist at all, others have found him without parallel, "perhaps the greatest living European novelist." His most recent critic, Martin Jarrett-Kerr, turning the coin on both sides, has arrived at a generally unflattering estimate. From copious illustrations out of this Catholic novelist's work, the critic has come up with a number of serious charges. Among them: Mauriac has permitted his theology and metaphysic to interfere with his art. To "depict a fallen world" Mauriac has been guilty of careless repetition of character and incident, the use of stock characters, and technical inadequacies. He has loaded his novels with contrivance for the proof of Catholic experience, which, according to Mr. Jarrett-Kerr, he does not clearly understand. And he is an intrusive author, entering his stories for the purpose of furthering his dogma.

In addition, Mr. Jarrett-Kerr considers Mauriac limited in the scope of his material and self-defensive, theologically, in his criticism. Counterbalancing these damaging reflections, Mr. Jarrett-Kerr acknowledges Mauriac's greatness as a stylist and pungent phrase-maker, and as a superb depicter of relations between characters when he holds his authorial self aloof from their interactions. But these are relatively minor compensations, even though Mr. Jarrett-Kerr concludes on this charitably positive note. One sympathizes with the contention that propaganda has a limited function in great art, but the compactness of this essay with its evidently biased proofs disallows the conviction that such a weighty reproach must establish.

ANDRÉ GIDE: Enid Starkie's sympathetic, perceptive study of André Gide is partially biographical and partially philosophical-critical. Since most of the eighty volumes which Gide produced in a long lifetime (1869-1951) have urgent autobiographical strains, the factual and the fictional necessarily flow together. Miss Starkie has examined the moral complexities of this great French writer, be-

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lieving that he himself overestimated the significance of his homosexual tendencies. She reveals admirably in this brief essay the conflicts which tortured him and which he finally resolved: the polarization of asceticism and sensuality. The cousin whom he married was his one great love, yet the marriage was disturbed by lack of understanding and intimacy. She feared passion and he feared (though he later reconciled himself to) his weakness. He searched for faith and concluded: "Catholicism is inadmissible, Protestantism is intolerable; and I feel profoundly Christian." He looked for truth in Communism but, though he went to the Gospels for his source, a visit to Marxist Russia disillusioned him. After the further disillusion of France's capitulation to Germany he came ultimately to the respect of individuals as his basic faith. Probing for his particular truth, he adapted the contrapuntal technique, a literary improvisation from music for exploring variations of a single theme. Among the problems which beset him and which he recorded were the conflict between youth and age, the struggle against convention, and self-discovery. Necessarily limited, Miss Starkie's essay is an excellent introduction to Gide.

GERHART HAUPTMAN: For almost sixty of his eighty-four years Gerhart Hauptman (1862-1946) was Germany's most distinguished dramatist, as well as a respected writer of fiction and poetry. Hugh F. Garten, author of the Yale series volume on him, has examined the evolution of his career through successive phases of naturalism, romanticism, and hellenism, with its strong undercurrent of mysticism flowing throughout. Mr. Garten, who has concentrated on the dramas, the most effective and influential of Hauptman's genres, has set forth within his brief compass a generous and convincing estimate of the German's literary worth. He has made reasonable, for instance, the transition from the naturalistic, revolutionary plays through the classically restrained tetralogy, "The Atrides," written during World War II. He has shown Hauptman's growing tendency toward escape into dream and fantasy, with the beauty of antiquity serving as his antipode to contemporary confusion and terror. Positive even in his earliest writings, despite their realistic techniques, Hauptman believed in redemption through suffering.

His dramas, tragedies of man's isolation (aside from a few excursions into comedy), reveal the con-

(*Continued on page* 30)

FICTION

Big Chance on a Broad Canvas

"The Tontine," by Thomas B. Costain *(Doubleday. 2 vols. 930 pp. $5.95), is a long, old-fashioned novel about a curious insurance scheme that thrived during the early nineteenth century and the wealthy British families whose fortunes were tied up with it.*

By Edmund Fuller

WITH the two stout volumes of "The Tontine," Thomas B. Costain triumphantly caps a large, varied, and variable body of work. I think it is his finest novel and a major feat of storytelling. It is a long but absorbing chronicle, rich in historical re-creation, primarily set in England. The scale and sweep, the pictorial aspects, the multiplicity of richly individualized characters, are in many ways Dickensian. Some of the passages touching upon industrial conditions rouse echoes of "Hard Times," others have points in common with aspects of "Dombey and Son" and "Martin Chuzzlewit." But this is not to suggest derivation. "The Tontine" is all Mr. Costain's, in his own right, and it commands respect for the craftsmanship which weaves so many complex threads of plot and character.

The story opens on the day of Waterloo, 1815, and runs to well toward the latter years of Victoria's reign, in the prime of Disraeli and Gladstone. Four generations figure in the line of the main characters.

It is Samuel Carboy whom we meet first, the dominant figure in the long-established partnership of Grace and Carboy, merchants. When Samuel rids himself of the incompetent George Ninian Grace he starts a life-long enmity, but sets the new Carboy and Co. upon the road to a vast mercantile, industrial, financial empire. A solid study of the rise of British capitalism and its social repercussions underlies the human drama. As for Samuel Carboy, the colossus, he is beautifully realized and portrayed in the round, for good and bad, without glorification or vilification.

In contrast is Julian Grace, gentle and noble-spirited son of the ousted partner, whose life is marked by warmth, tenderness, and sorrow, and whose death gives rise to a gruesome, fraudulent play-acting which helps bring this long narrative to a tense, unflagging finish.

Isabelle Carboy, Samuel's daughter, has a touch of a more successful Becky Sharp in her nature in her climb to the status of Duchess but, like her father, is sketched with a mixture of qualities.

The great Waterloo Tontine, a fascinating form of half-gamble, half-insurance, provides a magnificent unifying device. Thousands may invest in a tontine. After a thirty-year waiting period, the accumulating interest is divided annually, in equal parts to all shareholders. But as each shareholder dies his share reverts to the general fund and swells the dividends of the survivors. Hence this narrows ultimately to a breathless race for huge stakes, often involving many collateral wagers and interests.

THE fortunes of four generations of the Carboy, Grace, and Groody families are in one way or another involved in the whole span of the Waterloo Tontine, ending in a competition for longevity in the second of the generations. Political and social movements, including the intrigues and rise of Louis Napoleon, complicate the mix. The arts and the sciences are reflected. The criminal world of England crosses threads with the financial world. Forays of various sorts involve Bermuda, America, Vienna, and South Africa.

Altogether, "The Tontine" is a grand story in the nineteenth-century tradition, a rich picture of the major and minor skeins of business and finance in the England of that era, and a crowded gallery of personalities, with their ambitions, loves, hates, loyalties, and betrayals. Sinclair Lewis said to Thomas Wolfe, "Give 'em lots of people." That's what Mr. Costain has done—and a good job, too.

—By Herbert Ryman, from the book.

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Mortal Priest

"Don Gastone and the Ladies," by Goffredo Parise *(translated by Stuart Hood. Alfred A. Knopf. 257 pp. $3.50), is the story of a dashing village priest in prewar Italy, the work of a new writer of whom much is expected.*

By Thomas G. Bergin

IN A little town in the Veneto, near Padua—could it be Vicenza?—which is yet large enough to contain a slum and its quota of the poor, there once stood a tenement (let us hope it has been demolished in the bombings) whose denizens are the principal characters in this half mischievous and half melancholy *tranche de vie*. The time is the era of Fascist triumph between the glorious victories in Africa and Spain and the inglorious intervention in World War II. The tale, as it is given in Goffredo Parise's "Don Gastone and the Ladies," ostensibly concerns the affairs of the handsome priest Don Gastone, more Fascist than clerical (he has served in the Spanish war and is given to wearing his medals and regalia) and more promoter than either. How he makes a good living out of the fluttering adoration of a group of old maids is the basis of the rather flickering plot. Taking advantage of his priestly authority, his soldierly glamour, and his teasing virility, Don Gastone manages to get pretty much all his enigmatic heart desires, even including a fine new car and a post of honor in the climactic reception of Il Duce. But, alas, he too is mortal and his obsession with

Goffredo Parise—"great gifts."

the sweet and seductive Fedora is his downfall.

Such is the outline of the "plot" of this rather ambiguous work, but the plot must be called such only tentatively. For the tale of Don Gastone is unrolled for us by a boy whom, if he were not obviously meant to enlist our sympathy, we should have to call a juvenile delinquent; and since his attention wanders, as a boy's will, it is as much the tale of the whole tenement, which includes some very odd types indeed, as it is the account of the exploits of Don Gastone. This gives the work a certain "documentary value" but perhaps at some cost to the character of the priest himself, whose personality never becomes quite clear to the reader.

This is the second novel of the twenty-six-year-old Parise and, like the first, it has been highly acclaimed in Italy. Not without reason, for the young author has great gifts; notably the ability to depict sights and scenes (in all senses of the word) and to evoke smells (he has certainly the most sensitive of noses) in his own original, somewhat off-center fashion. His tone between roguery and despair, which seems to have a certain appeal for the Italian reader of today, is again a combination truly his own. Some readers may find his milieu not entirely prepossessing and for that matter not entirely new; the *mise en scene* of this novel recalls at once the sordidness of Gorki and the cheerful raffishness of Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. There is much talk in Italy today of the "new realism"; perhaps, on the record so far, we may see in Parise an exponent of the new naturalism. However he may be classified, this young Vicentino, as precocious as his own juveniles, is well worth watching.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 639

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 639 will be found in the next issue.

GA BCHL DEP E BDCG

QH CMQF.

QKCXLM DLMHQMO.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 638

Women are getting dumber as they grow smarter.

—MARY GARDEN.

Saga of a Kansas Kid

"The Fabulous Train," by Frederic Wakeman *(Rinehart. 275 pp. $3.50), recalls the many pains and the few pleasures of the Depression era as they are experienced by a promising physicist named Hal Sample.*

By James Kelly

THOSE who remember the wry sensationalism of "The Hucksters" and "The Saxon Charm" or the feature writer's sixth sense exhibited in three other novels will find few surprises in Frederic Wakeman's latest, "The Fabulous Train." Leaving Madison Avenue as far behind as possible, we now journey back to Kansas in 1933 and a ghost mining town named Carbon City whose inhabitants have been knocked around by Depression, New Deal, and all sorts of incipient social forces. It is Americana with a Dos Passos beat. It is a different, significant era which gave birth to stresses and strains we feel today. It is a novel derivative of so many things: "Only Yesterday," the Depression dilemma of marriage without job, politics without patriotism, the frame of mind of almost everybody who was around and kicking during the early Thirties. Even though "The Fabulous Train" is too jerry-built to hold the mental weight of an average adult reader, few onlookers will deny the kinetic nostalgia of Model-T Ford, ten-cent beer, and the buyer's market.

Mr. Wakeman is more concerned with historical period than with people or plot, even though he obviously likes his people. No doubt he intended Hal Sample, just-graduated physics major, to help explain some of today's bright young middle-aged scientists whose pictures get into the newspapers because of brilliant achievement or muddled poltical behavior. Yet Hal seems an oddly muted figure as he tries to sell Fords or corresponds with a secret wife or takes part in village affairs or resists the blandishments of a city gal who would talk him into Communism. Will Hal accept the offer of a fellowship at Princeton University or will he land a job which will let him set up a home with his missing wife? "The Fabulous Train" may be the only novel ever written where the climactic decision is based solely on the fact that the hero discovers he has contracted venereal disease from his spouse.

A sub-plot which serves to involve Carbon City's Steinbeckian poolroom eccentrics in much activity and sus-

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pense involves beauteous Babe Coy, whose pregnancy strikes terror practically everywhere except in the heart of Hal Sample. Another side incident involves two Swedes, one of whom tricks the other into participation in the bankruptcy of the local hardware store. But the biggest byplay of all concerns efforts of a Communist group to enlist Hal as a teaching organizer. Considerable eloquence is expended in dialectic on both sides until Hal himself resolves things on very simple grounds: "So I am trying to tell you why I cannot possibly join the Party. Precisely, because I am a Kansas kid . . . There are just too many Kansas kids, and Ohio kids, and Oregon and Maine kids . . . You can't turn a Kansas kid into a Commie. He won't trade in his dusty old Kansas freedom to any other kind of state; he doesn't trust states. He's not looking for a federal papa to support him, he's trying to get away from the rheumy old despot."

When a fancy transcontinental train stops briefly for repairs Hal is reminded in time of the beautiful people and places in the world. He thinks of the ambitions his parents have for him (Hal's relationship with his proud, struggling mother and father provides the novel's most moving element) and gets on an upbeat. For all its gamy themes, "The Fabulous Train" is not written to excite or arouse. One guesses that the author approached these materials respectfully. If his shorthand, elliptical style and quick blend of Depression attitudes do not quite rise to the occasion, perhaps the sprightly entertainment of Carbon City's passing show will help to disguise the fact.

Spring Morning

By Charles Norman

OUT of the woods of night,
A brook flows in its shroud;
Birdsong falls like light,
Making the light aloud.

Mist whispers willows thin
As ferns, the woodland grows;
All through the silver din
Of birds the bright brook flows.

Trees thrust east and west
And thatch the empty sky
To one enormous nest
From which small birds will fly.

The mist proclaims a hill,
The woods draw near and old,
With winding brooks bird-shrill,
And willows weeping gold.

Dockers' Dilemma

"Waterfront," by Budd Schulberg *(Random House. 320 pp. $3.95), is a novel dealing with the same characters and situation as the prize-winning film "On the Waterfront," although it was written after completion of the latter.*

By W. R. Burnett

IT IS very difficult for me to write a fair review of Budd Schulberg's new novel, "Waterfront." Like millions of other Americans, I saw the movie version, and so I find it impossible to read the book freshly and judge it merely on its merits as prose fiction. Owing to an excellent screen play by Schulberg, top direction by Elia Kazan, and superb acting by Marlon Brando, Eva Marie Saint, and Karl Malden, "Waterfront" was to me one of the finest movies of this generation. It had everything: suspense, heart, pity, and terror. I'm sorry that I can't quite say the same for the novel. Maybe if I'd read it before seeing the movie version my feelings might have been different.

There is no use for me to rehearse the whole plot here. It is too well known. The story deals with what can happen to the workers when racketeers slug their way to control over a union: in this case the dockworkers union of the Port of New York. And the story is told in terms of the group of people most deeply involved: an unworldly young girl, her father, a young ex-fighter and his chiseling racketeer brother, a Catholic priest, a few Irish longshoremen, and assorted, subhuman hoodlums.

I had the feeling at times in reading the book that Mr. Schulberg's heart is not in it, as it was in "What Makes Sammy Run?"; that it is just the result of research in a district and in a milieu completely unfamiliar to him. And then he has difficulties with his style. Some books are written in one style, some in another; but Mr. Schulberg switches from style to style. Sometimes it is just plain tough, when the characters are talking and the action is moving of itself; at other times, when the author is explaining a character or a scene, the reader comes upon words like "dichotomy," which do not belong in a story like this.

And then Mr. Schulberg never seems quite at home with his leading

—Bob Smallman.

Budd Schulberg—"hard-hitting."

character, the young Irish ex-fighter, Terry Malloy. Terry is shown in conversation with a "nice" girl. "Terry paused, shaken by her frankness, by her—the word eluded him—purity." The word would have eluded him entirely. And again: "She had a lovely skin, smooth and fresh, like a—his clumsy mind groped—like a pink rose." You can hear the adroit mind of the author groping—and in vain.

On the other hand he hits Terry off to life further along in the story. Terry has just found his brother, a dressed-up hoodlum—murdered by gangsters—hanging from a docker's hook in an alley. Says Terry: "Look at the way the sonsabitches got his coat all dirty." This speech has the anguished irrelevance of life itself.

AND so it seems to me that this very fine novel goes by fits and starts. Budd Schulberg is one of the most competent novelists now writing and this is a very interesting and hard-hitting book, make no mistake about that; but I think that it was a task he set himself to perform and that it was not a book that just begged to be written. However, there is at least one respect in which it is superior to the movie version. It is more honest at the end. What happens to Terry Malloy in the novel is exactly what would have happened to him in actuality.

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Leader of the Lost Cause

***"Jefferson Davis, American Patriot," by Hudson Strode** (Harcourt, Brace. 460 pp. $6.75), is the first volume of a new biography of the President of the Confederacy. It is reviewed below by Professor T. Harry Williams of Louisiana State University, author of a number of volumes on the War Between the States.*

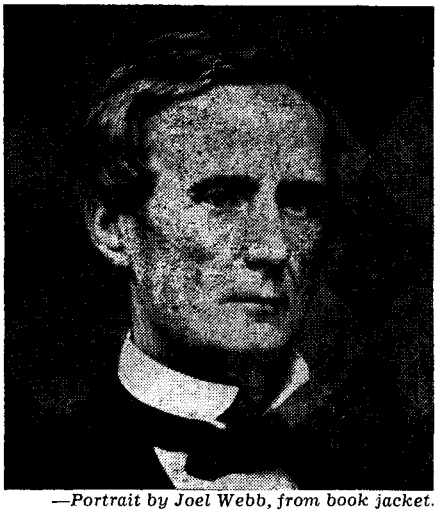
By T. Harry Williams

AS THE leader of the militant South after the death of John C. Calhoun, Jefferson Davis was one of the dominating figures in American political life between 1850 and 1860. Then he became the head of the most formidable attempt and—if one excepts the vague venture of Aaron Burr and the hazy plots of the New England Federalists in 1814—the only attempt ever made to divide the American Union. Add to this that his life epitomizes that most appealing of all tragic themes, the gallant man who goes down to defeat battling great odds, and it would seem that the biographers would have swarmed all over him.

And yet the strange truth is that less than fifteen biographies of the Confederate President have been published since 1868 when the first life appeared. None can be considered as an authoritative or an adequate treatment. Why have all the Civil War biographers of the past quarter of a century (with the exception of Robert McElroy) passed him by? Undoubtedly the explanation lies in his career and his personality. He was the civil leader of a lost cause, of a cause that sought to halt an inevitable trend toward centralism and to destroy national unification. The military leaders of this cause have been invested with martial glamour, but Davis, its civil director, has seemed rustic, backward, and out of harmony with the ideals of the modern world. Moreover, many Southerners, seeking a scapegoat for the failure of the Confederacy, blamed Davis for the collapse of their country. As a person Davis has repelled biographers in much the same way that he rebuffed his contemporaries. He was, or seemed to be, cold, distant, arrogant—and wordy and tedious as well. In short, he appeared to most people as a good man but a dull one.

With the present vigorous popular interest in the Civil War about to be intensified by the approach of the centennial years, it was inevitable that sooner or later somebody would bring out a new biography of Davis. First in the field is Professor Hudson Strode, who teaches Shakespeare and creative writing at the University of Alabama and who previously has written seven travel books. Apparently he has been working on his project since 1951, which is none too long a time to devote to an individual of Davis's importance and accomplishments. The volume under review, "Jefferson Davis, American Patriot," deals with the years from 1808 to 1861, and treats of Davis's early years, his education at West Point, his army service, his two marriages, his career as United States Senator and Secretary of War, and his election as President of the Confederate States. Mr. Strode intends to follow with a second volume, "Jefferson Davis, Confederate President," covering 1861 to 1889.

THE author views his subject with reverence, sympathy, and condonation. It is not going too far to say that his point of view is that of an admiring Southerner of Davis's own time who could admit a few mild faults in the object of his adoration. Although this quality invests the book with a certain bias or slant, it is not in itself a serious drawback. There is value in having Davis presented as his own people saw him; their vision of him, even though not completely accurate, is a part of the truth of history. The book has other merits. As a writer, Mr. Strode knows how to tell a good story; his narrative is well written, fast-moving, and always interesting.



—*Portrait by Joel Webb, from book jacket.*

Jefferson Davis—"scapegoat for failure."

In his researches he was able to turn up some significant new material, the most valuable of which was five boxes of family papers owned by a Davis descendant in Colorado. Needless to say, these fresh sources throw a revealing light on several aspects of Davis's career and character, and Mr. Strode has thoughtfully reproduced a number of letters never before published. Among other things, these documents demonstrate that the second Mrs. Davis (Varina Howell) possessed some highly neurotic qualities and that she and Joe Davis, Jefferson's older brother, both tried to dominate Jefferson and became intensely jealous of each other. Mr. Strode has been partly successful in achieving one of his announced goals: to show that Davis was a warm human being and not, as is commonly supposed, just a Mississippi edition of the cast-iron Calhoun. At least with his intimate friends and his social inferiors, Davis exhibited many lovable characteristics. As of the present, Mr. Strode's book is the best account we have of the pre-Confederacy Davis.

Although the author has consulted the obvious secondary works dealing with Davis's period, at several points he betrays his amateur historical standing. He seems to think that during the years before the Civil War the South suffered under an oppressively high tariff, while as a matter of fact from 1846 on the tariff was low, exactly as the South wanted it. He does not seem to understand Stephen A. Douglas's motives in introducing the Kansas-Nebraska act or Pierre Soulé's role in the issuance of the Ostend Manifesto or the reasons for Davis's choice as Confederate President. In fine, he is not sufficiently familiar with the latest monographic material. But his most serious fault is that he seems to accept Davis's dictum that the North was engaged in a deliberate struggle to deprive the South of equality in the Union. The South was indeed being pushed into a position of inequality but by profound, inexorable social and economic forces rather than by evil men in the North. That Davis did not see this constituted a tragic limitation in his mentality, and Mr. Strode's failure to see it completely is a limitation in his book. This reviewer has long believed that Davis was not big enough or ruthless enough to direct a revolutionary movement. We await with respectful skepticism Mr. Strode's treatment of Davis the Confederate President.

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Henry Adams's Unforgotten Brother

"Brooks Adams: American Prophet," by Arthur F. Beringause *(Alfred A. Knopf. 404 pp. $6), is a biography of a scion of the great New England family who through his writing and friendship with Theodore Roosevelt exerted considerable influence on our intellectual life early in this century. It is reviewed here by Professor Ralph H. Gabriel of Yale University, author of "The Course of American Democratic Thought."*

By Ralph H. Gabriel

BROOKS ADAMS, grandson of President John Quincy Adams, was forty-five before he found the course of action that gave direction and meaning to his life. Beneficiary of a family trust, he had dabbled with the law and had traveled without particular purpose in Europe. With no aim or work commensurate with the family tradition for public service, the charm of Brooks Adams's undergraduate days at Harvard disappeared, to be replaced by a brusqueness and irascibility that at times came close to neuroticism. In 1893, a year of economic depression, Brooks at the family home in Quincy one day apprehensively asked his older brother Henry to read a manuscript. Henry Adams complied and not only approved but, then and later, adopted many of Brooks's basic conclusions. Out of the episode came an extraordinary interchange of ideas through conversation and by letter that lasted for many years. Ultimately the theories of the two men diverged but not before each had profoundly affected the thought of the other. The manuscript, expanded, was published in London in 1895 under the title "The Law of Civilization and Decay."

Four years before he had first shown Henry his essay, Brooks Adams had married Evelyn Davis. The following quotation not only suggests the quality of Arthur F. Beringause's biography "Brooks Adams" but also the personality of its hero. "Everyone knew that the engagement of Miss Davis to Mr. Adams had been exceedingly short. It was rumored that the gentleman, residing uncomfortably at his ancestral estate at Quincy, lonely and ill at ease, decided one day to look for a nubile maiden who could entertain his guests properly. He went, said the gossips of Back Bay, to Mrs. [Henry Cabot] Lodge and exclaimed plaintively: 'If I could find a woman like you I would marry her instantly.' Mrs. Lodge suggested her sister, and the deed was done. On their first ride together Adams, never letting go the reins of his trotters, proposed marriage eternal, swearing all the while that he 'was an eccentric almost to the point of madness,' and that if Miss Davis married him 'she must do it on her own responsibility and at her own risk.' Three weeks later the Right Reverend Frederick D. Huntington, Bishop of Central New York . . . married the lucky pair at a simple service, so ran the newspaper accounts, in the Union Church at Nahant. . . ."

Throughout the rest of his life, but not primarily because of his marriage, Brooks Adams saw much of Henry Cabot Lodge. Into the ken of the two emerged in the 1890s a third Harvard man, young Theodore Roosevelt. Adams's theory of history grew in part out of Darwinism. Adams was also influenced by the economic determinism of Marx. The logic of the Adams theory led him to the conclusion in the 1890s that the center of economic power (and hence of real power) was moving from Britain to America. To seize the power and assume the leadership that an ailing world needed from America the United States must begin building an empire. Such ideas lay behind the advice Brooks Adams gave Theodore Roosevelt early in 1896 before T.R. became Assistant Secretary of the Navy, a post he resigned to become lieutenant colonel of the Rough Riders. "The whole world, as I look at the future and the present," wrote Adams to Roosevelt, "seems to me to be rotting. The one hope for us, the one chance to escape from our slavery [evidenced by the Panic of 1893] even for a year, is war, war which will bring down the British empire. . . . I have watched your career with deep interest. You may remember just a year ago in Washington I told you to sell. You may understand me better now. You are an adventurer and you have one thing to sell—your sword. . . . Capital will not employ you if you have a conscience, a heart, patriotism, honesty, or self-respect. Clive and Nelson had the luck to live when they could fight, and believe in themselves and their country. Wall Street is a hard master. It only wants men it can buy and own. . . ." When in 1901 Roosevelt became "His Accidency," President of the United States, Adams wrote: "Thou hast it now: King, Cawdor, Glamis. The world can give no more. You hold a place greater than Trajan's, for you are the embodyment [*sic*] of a power not only vaster than the power of the [Roman] empire, but vaster than men have ever known. . . . You will always stand as the President who began the contest for the supremacy of America against the eastern continent." In the following years Brooks Adams was much at the White House.

BROOKS ADAMS has not enjoyed the same measure of attention accorded his brother, Henry. His books and articles have been known and some of them reprinted. He has never been forgotten but there has not been a fully developed study. Mr. Beringause has built his story primarily from the rich collection of materials now available in the family papers in the Massachusetts Historical Society. But he has searched widely elsewhere and he has noted the appraisals of others.

Three themes run through the book: the character and private life of a brilliant and eccentric aristocrat, the development of Adams's philosophy of history, and the activities of the philosopher in attempting to guide in accordance with his theory the affairs of the nation to the end that civilization might be saved. Each theme has difficulties. But the hardest to handle is the philosophy with its Marxian emphasis on economic determinism, its forecasts (so often verified by events), its anticipations (as of geopolitics), its social Darwinism, its anti-democracy, its state socialism of the fascist type, its picture of an America ruled by an elite (like the Adams family) depending ultimately on force. Mr. Beringause has woven the three themes into a fabric of clear and striking patterns. He has fully documented his story. Brooks Adams, who before 1900 foresaw the polarity of two colossi, the United States and Russia, in the twentieth-century world, is worth more than a passing glance. Mr. Beringause has given us a first-class, objective study.

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The Pattern from Charles to Pym

"The King's Peace," by C. V. Wedgwood *(Macmillan. 510 pp. $5.50), is a fresh retelling of the events in Great Britain from 1637-1641 that led up to the beheading of Charles I. Professor Garrett Mattingly of Columbia University reviews it below.*

By Garrett Mattingly

THE "Great Rebellion" is the heroic age of English political history. That quarrel between King and Parliament which led to civil war, the beheading of Charles I, the establishment of a radical Puritan republic and then a Cromwellian dictatorship was the first major revolution of modern times and the crucial political experience of the English-speaking peoples. Even today in England its issues still flicker with high emotional tension. Libraries full of books have been written about it, but since S. R. Gardiner's classic work, over fifty years ago, most historians, awed by the difficulty of the subject and the stiffness of the competition, have been satisfied to nibble around its edges.

For years C. V. Wedgwood has been preparing to meet the challenge of this epic material with a full-scale narrative. "The King's Peace, 1637-1641" is the first volume. After a brilliant introductory section, setting the scene of Stuart history, the book follows the course of events from the triumphant peak of Charles I's personal Government in June 1637 to the eve of the king's return to Westminster and what was to be his final break with Parliament. The main actions, intertwining and influencing each other, are the Scottish revolution, the Irish revolt, and the tragedy of Strafford. The ground base is the ominous rumble of increasing Puritan opposition, organizing itself at last around that astute leader of the Long Parliament who was soon to be known as "King Pym."

Most historians have felt it necessary to break up this complex material topically, and to go back and forth in time, following first one line of action and then another. Miss Wedgwood has chosen, instead, to stick as closely as possible to the daily order of events. The result is amazingly successful. Not only does the story take on an absorbing interest and a mounting suspense, but the pattern which emerges is unexpectedly fresh and significant even to a reader long familiar with most of the facts. This is because the author deliberately seeks and by literary skill achieves not history as intellectual analysis, but history as immediate experience.

When one sees and feels a series of events as men saw and felt them when they happened one understands them in a new way, with a freshness and vividness not afforded by any amount of shuffling with the worn counters of abstract ideas. Perhaps one does not understand, any more than contemporaries understood, all the long-term social and economic forces obscurely at work, or all the subtle implications of the political and theological arguments involved. But one knows, or gets the illusion of knowing, why people responded to personalities and situations as they did and how minds are troubled or clarified in a time of crisis. Probably anyone's feeling that he understands any age, even (or should we say "most of all"?) his own, is partly an illusion. What the reader gets as he is swept forward by the rush of events in "The King's Peace" is not, of course, quite the fresh, immediate impression it seems.

The events have been previously filtered through the screen of a temperament. But this is a temperament which, for all its imaginative ardor, is controlled by the evidence, and by a conscience which never twists a fact for the sake of a literary effect. The excitement and color of this narrative are never achieved at the cost of the least violence to scholarly accuracy. Instead its special fascination results, one feels, from long soaking in the documents of an exciting and colorful time. Already C. V. Wedgwood's biographies and seventeenth-century studies belong among the minor classics of English historiography. The work of which this is the first volume promises to be a major classic.

—Owen Jack Turner.

C. V. Wedgwood—"never twists a fact."

Forge of Titans

"The Age of Ideas," by George R. Havens *(Henry Holt. 474 pp. $6), is an account of intellectual activity in France during the Enlightenment. Professor Leo Gershoy of New York University reviews it below.*

By Leo Gershoy

WHEN Voltaire's "Essay on Universal History and the Manners and Spirit of Nations from Charlemagne to our Time" fell under the delighted gaze of Baron Grimm that once famous purveyor of literary chitchat wrote that it was truly an excellent book to place in the hands of the young. It would teach them to love justice, humanity, and benevolence. So one may write of Professor Haven's fullbodied account of the ideas by which liberal France lived in the eighteenth century. Full of learning gracefully worn and lucidly expounded, it is an admirable book to place in the hands of twentieth-century readers—young and old. It would remind them anew, in this day when one gains intellectual stature in some circles by patronizing the Enlightenment and encasing the term itself in inverted commas, how much they are indebted to the men who forged literature into a "potent weapon."

It is not the liberating ideas and attitudes in isolation that the author discusses with vigor and eloquence. It is these ideas in terms of the notable men who gave them expression, in the matrix of social change and against the background of the three Louis who would not or could not take

(*Continued on page 28*)

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 2, 4, 12, 9, 6, 5, 7, 11, 10, 8, 1, 3.

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WEEKEND FUN

Flowers Between the Leaves

Almost every weekend a New York woman named Virginia Kirkus relaxes from her weekday chore of preparing a pre-publication report on books for dealers and libraries by puttering around her Connecticut garden. For its Weekend Fun series SR *has asked Miss Kirkus to combine business with pleasure by reporting on the current books on gardening she has found especially useful for* her *weekend fun.*

By Virginia Kirkus

THIS is the month when the weekend gardener likes to put in bulbs, plant shrubs, and take slippings from his geraniums in order to preserve the species. It is also the month when he looks back over the harvests and the failures of the past summer and begins to wonder why all his gardening realities failed to resemble the pictures in the seed catalogues.

If he is wise the neophyte—and the experienced—gardener will go out and buy a new gardening book, thereby bringing (as happens each year) the early autumn sales totals of this particular variety of literature right up to the level of the early spring sales. But this year there has been such a deluge of gardening books that the job of finding the right one for one's own particular gardening abilities is almost as difficult as remembering which row was supposed to have sprouted the delphiniums which never showed and which one did not produce the spinach.

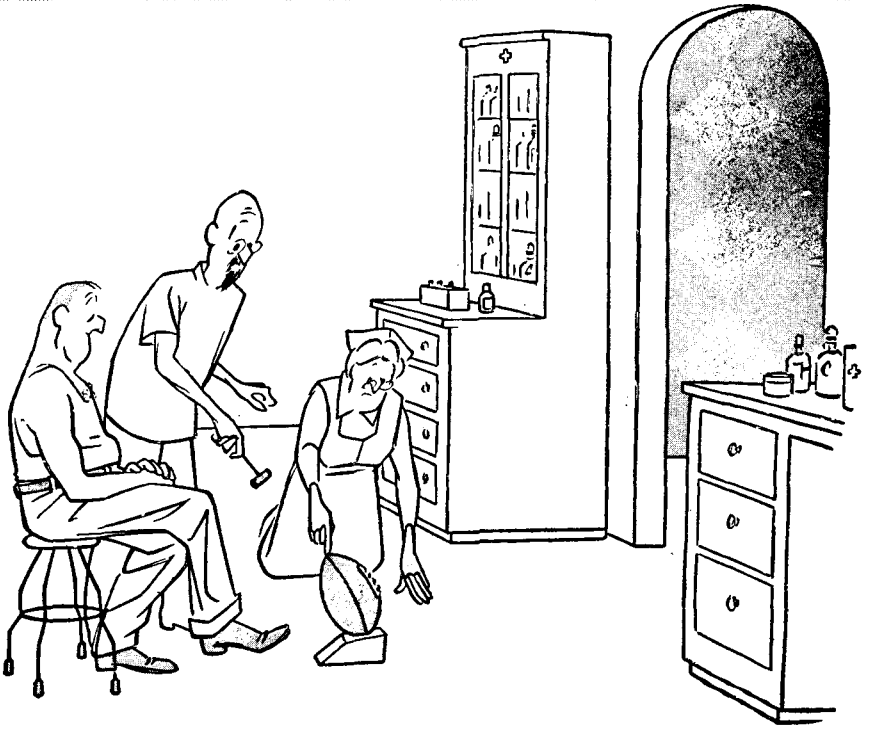
So let's start with the books for the neophyte weekend gardeners and progress toward the books for the weekend experts:

If your home is a small one and if you are still in the process of building up your garden you could probably find no better book for your purposes than Amelia Leavitt Hill's **"The Homeowners Guide to Landscaping"** (Putnam, $2.75). Sound in basic principles, this book views the problems of landscaping, of foundation planting, of fences and walls and hedges all in terms of what the small homeowner can encompass, budgetwise as well as in terms of time and limited help. It's a very good once-over-lightly kind of book, and yet there is enough attention paid to specialized gardens to lead the eager gardener on to greener fields. For the aspirant whose project-in-the-making is on a somewhat more extensive scale Alice L. Dustan's **"Landscaping Your Own Home"** (Macmillan, $3.95) provides the next step up, at the same time giving recognition to the wholly inexperienced city dweller branching out into country living. Plant lists are better here than in the Hill book, but there is danger that if you are a beginner you may be tempted beyond your abilities.

In any event both books demand the next step of a general book on gardening, and the right book for this step was published just a few weeks ago. It is **"Practical Gardening for Beginners,"** by Olive Mason Gunnison (Doubleday, $4.50), and if you compare it with the two standard reference books which experienced gardeners are apt to have for constant reference—Louise and James Bush-Brown's **"America's Garden Book"** (Scribner, $4.50) and Montague Free's **"Gardening"** (Harcourt, Brace, $4.95)—you'll see the difference. Mrs. Gunnison has written her book for that segment of the gardening fraternity which is just beyond the very beginning level and she never takes for granted that terminology or procedure is familiar. Without writing down, she distils her own experience and offers its essence for those who want to find in one book virtually every aspect of gardening that today's average homeowner is likely to encounter. It is practically a home course in gardening.

AS YOU grow in experience as a weekend gardener you will—if you are like the rest of us—decide that you want to have one specialty in addition to the everyday essentials. For such adventures bulbs are a "must," and now—well before the first frost—is the time to plan for them. Even if you are a rank beginner you will surely achieve some spring blooms from the bulbs you plant this autumn, and the more experienced gardener is finding that bulbs can contribute to the garden throughout the whole growing season. T. H. Everett, the horticulturist at New York's Botanical Garden, supplies the need for a general book on bulbs in **"The American Gardener's Book of Bulbs"** (Random House, $5.95), a definitive book insofar

(*Continued on page* 29)



WORK OF GREAT PRICE: George Price, whose sketches have been lightening the pages of *The New Yorker* since 1931, kicks off the new football season above. This and 200 other cartoons have just been published by Messrs. Simon & Schuster in a volume called **"George Price's Characters"** ($2.95).

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Schools for Sadists?

IT SEEMS that the Air Force has decided to inform its men what they can expect if they should be captured by an unscrupulous foe. At Fort Stead, Nevada, the trainees are not merely instructed *about* brainwashing; they are brainwashed. They are not merely told they can expect brutality; they are given brutal treatment by way of vivid example. They are subjected to physical and mental pressure and pounding. It is proved to them that life can be cheap.

Newsweek magazine, which revealed the new policy, has a photograph in its possession of a trainee whose face was being pinned to a gravel-filled floor of a wooden box by the boot of a "guard." The "prisoner" had been squeezed into a coffin-like box too small for his body. Another photograph showed an American soldier who was being confined in an upright sweat-box in which the temperature was far in excess of 100 degrees. Then, just to make matters interesting, "guards" would pound on the sides of the box with the butt ends of their rifles. Still another photograph showed a man whose hands were tied behind his back and who was pushed against the wall with his body off balance so that his face had to support most of his weight for several hours. All these and other little tricks were not merely being used for demonstration purposes in front of a class. They were the real thing and went on for hour after hour. In addition, according to *Newsweek*, which cleared its story with the Pentagon, there were death marches, electric-shock treatment, rotten food.

No one can quarrel with the need to prepare military trainees for the physical ordeal of war. Men in battle have to be at their physical peaks; any army which fails to provide adequate conditioning has neglected its primary obligation. But what kind of perverted reasoning is it that holds that men can be "conditioned" by actual brainwashing, cruelty, indignity? Brutality is like a bullet; you don't shoot a man to prepare him for war. And when you degrade a man and humiliate and damage him the end result is measured in the damage it does to him, not in the supposed "training" he receives.

Equally appalling is what happens to the men who are called upon to inflict the brutality. What will their training do to them? If we accept the logic of the Air Force about the advantages of desensitization, then that very logic ought to underscore the harm being done to men who administer the punishing. A man who is taught to grind another man's face in the dirt with his heel has received a lesson in sadism, pure and simple. With respect to either "prisoner" or "guard" the entire affair does as much violence to good sense and basic morality as it does to the individuals involved. American parents are entitled to ask whether our military camps are training centers or schools for sadists and masochists.

A basic fallacy underlying the Fort Stead experiment is that it assumes an unscrupulous enemy can be easily thwarted by a properly conditioned prisoner. Such an enemy will merely raise the ante. All our Air Force may be doing in effect is to serve notice on the enemy now to make his brainwashing and torture techniques even tougher and rougher.

In August 1953 I interviewed American soldiers at a base hospital shortly after they had been released from the Korean prisoner-of-war camps. Some of them admitted that they had "cooperated" with their Communist captors in various ways, claiming that upwards of 90 per cent of their fellow prisoners did the same. From these boys I learned something of Communist techniques in PW camps. I spoke to one boy who said he had been strung up by his thumbs and another who spent days in a dungeon. But most of the boys said they had been surprised by the campaign of apparent reasonableness. They had been given roast turkey on Christmas, Thanksgiving, and other special occasions. Some boys said they had been given money on their birthdays. They also said that Communism tried to present itself in the most sympathetic terms.

WHAT kind of training are Air Force personnel receiving against this kind of treatment? Obviously, you don't prepare against mental bribery by giving our boys roast turkey three times a day and television-program giveaways on their birthdays. It would be just as ludicrous to deal with such a threat, which is real, as it is to use brainwashing in order to guard against brainwashing. Sheer physical strength has to be backed up by a clear sense of purpose if it is to mean anything. We can prepare our men against indoctrination—violent or sweet—by giving them a clear idea of what they are fighting for, by providing them with the kind of vital moral inspiration that will enable them to withstand not only the pain of conflict but the need to kill, and by dramatizing the false values of totalitarian aims and methods.

In this connection, the Air Force has apparently overlooked the recommendations of a special committee appointed by President Eisenhower to look into the entire problem of the American prisoner-of-war. There was a direct connection, the committee found, between the ability of the Communists to indoctrinate successfully and the astonishing ignorance among the prisoners concerning the meaning of America and its institutions. The American prisoners, said the Presidential Committee, "couldn't answer arguments in favor of Communism with arguments in favor of Americanism because they knew so little about their America."

An episode such as this can take something of the shine off America. The American people are justified in asking the sternest questions about a twisted idea that not only defeats its purpose but makes each of us feel smaller. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

M-F DEBUNKED

ON REQUEST, I shall be glad to furnish S. Mandel and P. Fingesten ["The Myth of Science Fiction," *SR* Aug. 27] with a list of science-fiction stories that:

1. are sensitive and poetic works of art.
2. are brilliant satires of the present, past, or future.
3. are among the finest, most literate, most adult writing of our day.
4. possess a biting wit, a hilarious sense of humor, and a lucid feeling for the ridiculous in man's present-day materialistic strivings.
5. present "woman" and "love" with poignant and poetic maturity.
6. contradict every sentence of the Mandel-Fingesten opus.
7. prove that "debunking" is an art in which M & F are still embarrassingly inadequate neophytes.

K. BOLGEN.

Newburgh, N.Y.

FACTS OF SPACE-LIFE?

WHY SHOULDN'T SF characters conform to the sexual facts of life and their environment? Mandel and Fingesten do not realize that life on a spaceship would be analagous to life on a warship or old-time sailing vessel. SF has covered most aspects of the relationships between spacemen, just as Conrad, Nordoff and Hall, Dana, Melville, and others have covered the relationships between seamen. I would suggest that M & F read a little more Havelock Ellis, a little less the popularizers of Freud.

ROGER A. NEEDHAM.

Lansing, Mich.

THE GODS OF TV

WHILE IN AGREEMENT with M & F, I cannot help feeling that SF is no more a form of escape than the fiction which appears in most popular women's magazines. And what of the "confession" magazines, the "confidential" magazines, and the unending spate of magazines dealing with that most widespread of all mythologies: the gods and goddesses of Hollywood and, lately, TV-land? Are these more nearly in line with ". . . the normal aspirations of the human spirit"?

ROBERT LEE COOK.

Boulder, Col.

NO MANDEL FOR ME

PERSONAL EXPERIENCE has shown me that engineering English teachers are overbearing, hypocritical know-it-alls.

GARLAND EDWARD WHETZEL.

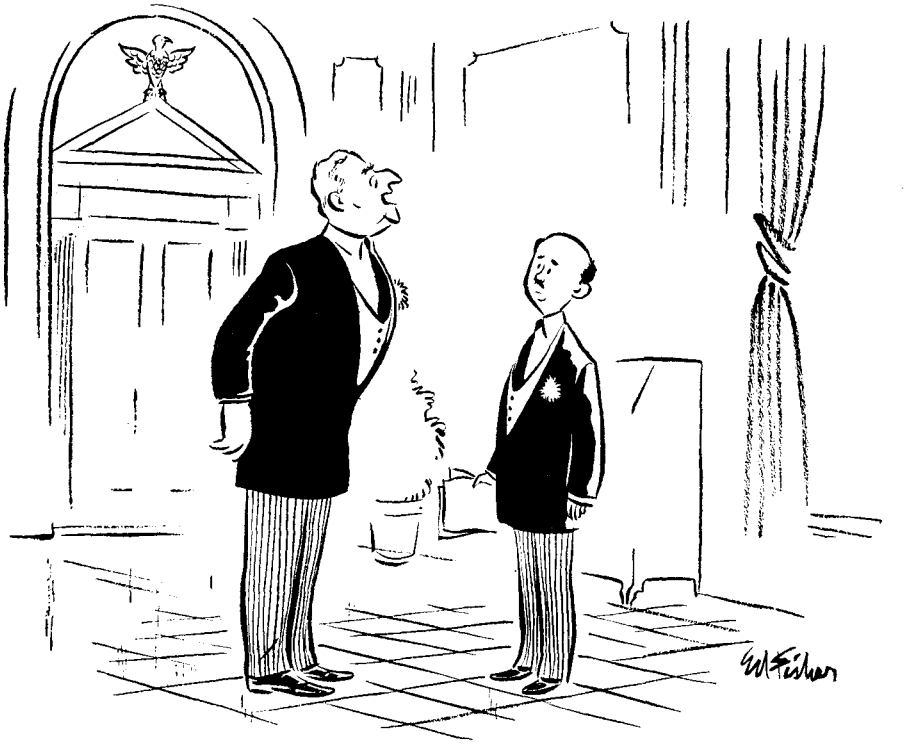
Charlottesville, Va.

WHO'S DOWN-TO-EARTH

AND DURING all these years I have remained blissfully unaware that SF was corrupting my manhood. That I should be spending my leisure hours with girlie magazines or, better yet, with the works of the topflight novelists of today—those praised by *SR*—because of the wholesome, down-to-earth picture they give of life as it really is!

HOWARD L. MYERS.

Winston-Salem, N.C.



"I'm afraid you'll have to play a behind-the-scene role at the Big Four conference, Smilby—we want to give every appearance of negotiating from strength."

GENERAL FRUSTRATION

M & F ARE NOT explaining the popularity of science-fiction, but attacking science and what they believe to be its evil influence on the present and the future. They do it poorly. Their citations of history and "human nature" are naive. Their identification of mathematical knowledge of the physical universe with Pythagorean mysticism is pure ignorance or pure malice. On second thought, being a reader of *Astounding Science Fiction* and hence of philosophical mind, I incline to a more modern belief and assign the entire article to the interaction of ignorance and malice in a general situation of frustration.

GEORGE RICHARDSON.

Hingham, Mass.

PERVERSE ENDS

FAR FROM MAKING an ideal of dictatorship, scientific or other wise, SF is full of innumerable horrible examples—of which "Brave New World" and "Nineteen Eighty-Four" are the best known—of what happens when science and machines are turned to perverse ends. And is it out of order for SFers to hope for greater rationality and intelligence in government?

LEONARD BECK.

Barre, Vt.

TROUBLESOME PIMPLE

IT IS ENCOURAGING to hope that, somewhere in outer space, there may be planets inhabited by intelligent beings who are not constantly engaged in either warfare, perjury, or character assassination. Our world just happens to be a small pimple in the scheme of things.

JOHN C. ROGERS.

Alexandria, Va.

DIFFERENT EXPERIENCE

M & F WERE ALMOST as entertaining as the best science fiction. I have been reading and publishing SF for a half-dozen years, and it was fascinating to discover that they presented it as something wildly different from what my experience has shown it to be.

LYSANDER KEMP.

Jocotepec, Mex.

GOOD STUFF, TOO

BUG-EYED MONSTERS and space cadets rank with Davy Crockett and cereal heroes, but "Nineteen Eighty-Four" and "Brave New World" rank with the world's best literature.

ED DOERR.

Indianapolis, Ind.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

This Other Stratford

STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

IN A LAND where Shakespeare has become a form of worship, most productions of his plays tend to be well-delivered and gracefully performed, but not very imaginatively produced. But this season director Peter Brook undertook the staging of a work so difficult it remained for years the sole Shakespearean play never performed at Stratford. And as sometimes happens when a determined artist faces a new challenge, Mr. Brook has with "Titus Andronicus" come up with his best work since "Venice Preserved," and has evoked from Sir Laurence Olivier the most powerful acting that great actor has shown on a stage since he shook all our souls in "Oedipus" nine years ago.

"Titus Andronicus" opens on a formal scene in black, brown, and gold, with a struggle for power going on between two sons of Rome's deceased emperor. Into this marches a grizzled old warrior garbed in worn, red leather. It is the proud general Titus, back from a bitter but victorious campaign in which he has lost three of his sons, and from which he brings as captives Tamora, queen of the defeated Goths; her three sons; and her slave and paramour, a coal-black giant named Aaron. Titus's remaining sons ask to lop the limbs and burn the entrails of Tamora's eldest surviving son as a religious sacrifice to appease their brothers' shades. This Titus grants, gruffly rejecting Tamora's anguished pleas for mercy. Then, to a weird brassy dirge, the barbaric piety of this Roman play emerges. The priests clothed in green satin robes and carrying flaming horned tapers remove the victim's shirt and mark his body for slaughter before leading him off into a burial vault from which a few minutes later emanates a suggestion of sacrificial smoke. Here is Titus's first mistake: to put tradition ahead of compassion. He follows it with a deadlier one: he declines to become Rome's new emperor when the offer is made. Olivier plays the role with a whiff of Churchill; and he makes Titus's handing of the purple to the voluptuary Saturninus seem an unthinking decision, arrived at on the conservative grounds that the eldest son must rule, regardless of merit. But having refused power, Titus will not, as he hopes, retain his position as Rome's most honored elder statesman. Rather he has tied himself onto a mad machine of misery and horror.

—*Central Press Photos, Ltd.*

Olivier—"a whiff of Churchill."

Thanks to Mr. Brook's sensitive direction, this horror—which includes a dozen killings and other mutilations—never becomes gruesome or ridiculous. We are spared the sight of the physical disasters. Titus's daughter Lavinia, after she has been raped and has had her hands cut off and her tongue cut out, appears with wrists swathed in gauze and streamers of red ribbon issuing from her mouth. When the heads of Andronicus's two sons are brought in they are covered with black cloth and enclosed in steel baskets. And when Andronicus's severed hand is carried out Mr. Brook has committed the wise heresy of changing Shakespeare's "between thy teeth" to "between thy stumps." Wisely too, the cutting of Tamora's two sons' throats, while Lavinia holds the basin to catch their blood in order to mix it into a pie for Tamora to eat, is removed to an offstage kitchen. And the four stabbings across the banquet table at the play's end are kept from being ridiculous by the variety with which they occur.

The fact that on opening night there was no snickering at the nonsensical rush of macabre events was partly due to the staging, and partly to a strict restraint of the play's comic elements. For instance, when Titus feigns madness and solicits the gods by shooting messages to them by bow and arrow Mr. Brook adds pathos by having Titus suddenly faint.

THE most interesting character in the play is Aaron, played with gusto by Anthony Quayle. Because he is a slave he feels free to commit the most outrageous crimes with relish, taking advantage of the "honor" and religion of those who enslave him. He indulges his obsession without remorse or pity. His only charitable emotion is exhibited for his illegitimate offspring by Tamora. When the baby is sent to him for execution Tamora's son exclaims, "Thou has undone our mother." To which Aaron replies, "Villain, I have *done* thy mother." This gets the only real laugh of the evening. Otherwise Mr. Brook takes no chances of letting the audience get in a merry frame of mind; he had carefully eliminated Aaron's best and funniest speech, in which Aaron recites some of the terrible things he would do if he had further opportunity.

Vivien Leigh, as the chaste Lavinia, is at her best in the melancholy scene where she manages to spell out the names of her ravishers with a stick held between her stumps. In general, however, she seems too sophisticated to be chaste, and at the moment she is actually being dragged off to lose that prized chastity Mr. Brook has not been successful in finding some way to indicate the beginning of the violence to be perpetrated, so that Lavinia seems to be taking it all too calmly.

But it is the performance of Olivier that lifts "Titus Andronicus" above the perfunctory. Starting as a man tired of "worldly chances and mishaps," he genuinely envies his dead sons the peace and honor of the tomb. Yet he shows his general's heart when he suddenly shifts from the smiles of homecoming to snap a severe order to his prisoners. When he tempestuously kills his own son for impiety we feel raging inside him a feverish battle between paternal grief and the preservation of public honor. And as the last in this series of transitions which establish Titus's character, he gives us a flash of the merry twinkling-eyed Olivier as with a rippling gesture he invites all to a hunt.

As the tragic events of this hunt are piled upon Titus, Sir Laurence goes from shame to anger, and from anger to agony. When he chops off his hand in an attempt to save his sons he emits one sharp cry followed by a period of quietly huddling his hurt. It isn't until the middle of his next long speech that he allows the full pain to rise in him. On the words "I am the sea" he infuses a sustained blast of power that no actor of our time can top. Yet when the heads of his sons are brought to him he does top this thunderburst with a contrasting silent helplessness from which finally emerges a low hysterical laugh. In

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ARE MOVIES BETTER THAN STAGE PLAYS?

The answer is that some movies are better than some plays and some plays are better than some movies.

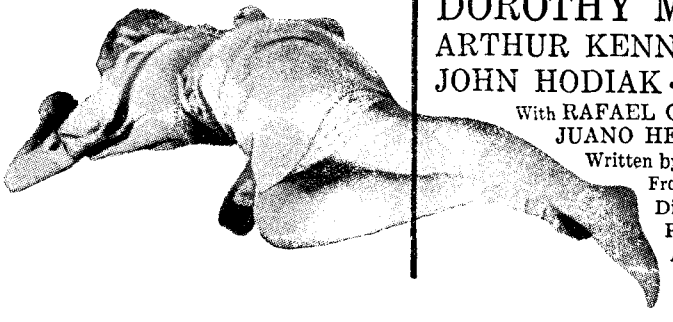
So we're back where we started.

One thing is certain. A movie that is done as a movie and not as a photographed stage play has a personality of its own that makes the comparison between mediums nothing more than a parlor game.

We think you should see TRIAL, the picturization of the novel that earned this year's Harper's prize. It was adapted for the screen by the author himself, Don M. Mankiewicz.

The theme goes far beyond the mechanics of a teen-ager's TRIAL for murder. It strikes at a current problem in the nation, the pressure technique of extreme groups.

But above all, it is a bold and challenging film that is fascinating from beginning to end.



M-G-M presents

TRIAL

STARRING

GLENN FORD
DOROTHY McGUIRE
ARTHUR KENNEDY
JOHN HODIAK • KATY JURADO
With RAFAEL CAMPOS
JUANO HERNANDEZ
Written by DON M. MANKIEWICZ
From His Harper's Prize Novel
Directed by MARK ROBSON
Produced by CHARLES SCHNEE
An M-G-M Picture

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the remainder of the play Sir Laurence is able to pursue the path of revenge without decreasing the nobility of Titus. This he accomplishes by never letting us forget his agony, and his death at the end comes as a magnificent release.

* * *

Just as this "Titus Andronicus" is liable to be the definitive production of that play in our time, so is the Sir John Gielgud production of "Much Ado About Nothing" the finest we will ever see. From start to finish it is a giddy gambol around a thickly shrubbed plot, which the actors take seriously but the audience does not.

Peggy Ashcroft plays Beatrice as a girl obviously excited about Benedict before he appears. In fact, Miss Ashcroft is an actress who manages to be always excited about something not only during her lines but before and afterwards. And if there be nothing to make much ado about she searches eagerly for something else to respond to. She is constantly on attack, seeming to begin her speeches before the previous speaker has finished. And this actress puts such youthful exuberance into her part that one thinks Shakespeare must have seen her before writing, "Why she runs like a lapwing."

Sir John cuts youthful capers too, as he makes Benedict a warm figure whose caustic remarks never quite hide his desperate need to be in love. His shrewdly-arrived-at "This can be no trick" after he has just been gulled into believing that Beatrice is in love with him is sheer audience delight, and this is soon exceeded by his pitying look of understanding affection as Beatrice most unpolitely invites him to dinner. His ridiculous sunflower hat and foppish dress when he seeks to court Beatrice are not just silly but rather show the unbridled extent of his emotions.

* * *

Certainly less successful than these two productions is the Sir John Gielgud-George Devine-Isamu Noguchi "King Lear." Yet one must welcome the quest for a fresh approach to Shakespeare that has been attempted. Mr. Noguchi, who is best known for the decors and plastic objects he has designed for Martha Graham, has provided a similarly abstract background and costumes for this production. As usual, Freudian symbols abound. But new acting styles are not arrived at in one production, and the best that can be said about this "King Lear" is that the scenery and costumes are not too disturbing, and that the acting is admirably clear. —Henry Hewes.

TV AND RADIO

The Tragedy of $64,000

THE GREEKS had a word for "The $64,000 Question": tragedy. Sophocles's audience, the whole population, came early, prepared to spend the day in the bleachers (Francis Ferguson tells us in the brilliant work "The Idea of a Theatre"); "the actors were not professionals in our sense, but citizens selected for a religious office, and Sophocles himself had trained them and the chorus." The bold, imaginative Louis G. Cowan, who created the Revlon international episode (Tuesday nights, CBS-TV), would blush, I am sure, to be joined to such august company as the author of "Oedipus Rex," and yet the analogue is accurate. Gino Prato, Gloria Lockerman, Captain McCutchen, *et al.*, are citizens, not actors in the professional sense. But "religious office"?

The point is: there on the Revlon stage, as on the platform in Sophocles's time, a modern scapegoat is to be offered who will purify us of our baser lusts for certified checks, harmonize our obscurities and frustrations, and render our unpublicized, individual lots palatable till "the next plateau." Gino Prato a scapegoat? But $32,000, four pressagents, a $10,000 a year job, reunion with Papa on a mountain in Statale, Italy, after thirty-three years? Alas, scapegoat, indeed.

One has merely to follow Gino Prato's itinerary, from standing ovation at La Scala, in Milan, to sidewalk cafe in Rome with Madame Ambassador Claire Luce and ex-outfielder Joe DiMaggio, to appreciate the parallel. From the time of Oedipus's exile from Thebes (according to the play's sequel, "Oedipus at Colonos") he became a sort of sacred relic, like the bones of a saint; perilous, but "good medicine" for the community that possessed him. Antigone, his daughter, went with him on his blind wanderings. Of Gino recently the Associated Press reported that he "climbed a mule trail on foot to reach his birthplace in the north Italian mountains. Church bells rang and nearly every resident gathered in the town square to welcome him." Riding beside him on a mule was—his daughter.

But what of the scapegoat theory? Struggle, dismemberment, death, and renewal—this was the passion, the pathos of the perennial winter-spring conflict which underlay the Greek theatre. Now, consider the Revlon isolation booth, into which the tragic heroes of "The $64,000 Question" must enter when they approach the ultimate mystery of pumpernickel bread or antidisestablishmentarianism. Regard the agonizing loneliness of the spotlighted figure in the soundproofed booth. He is face to face with the very meaning of his life, with the most desperate crisis of his aspiration. And the community, the audience, the 50,000,000 who pity and fear, who echo the unutterable prayer of a Mammon-culture—observe (courtesy of the clever, naked, searching camera's eye) how they are dismembered by the trial, the suspense, the unendurable torment of the hero who is expiating publicly their private, unacknowledged sin of greed.

Aristotle, who set forth on the basis of the Greek plays spread out before him some still-viable insights into the art and value of the tragic drama, would have appreciated the cunning of "The $64,000 Question." Even as the television public appreciates and commends and enjoys its success. Aristotle was no old, moralizing fogey like Plato. Aristotle opined that the end of poetry (or literature or TV) was—simply and unashamedly—"delight."

NEVERTHELESS, this program, passing a phenomenon as it may be, has struck so big a note precisely because it is an unconscious communal ritual. We, the people, imitate here no rites of fertility. The womb of "The $64,000 Question" glitters with the appearance of life. Still, it is sterile. Oedipus was an essentially noble human being, innocent, affectionate, of uncalculating benevolence and public spirit. At Colonos he died, redeemed from the consequences of his error (patricide and incest) and at peace. Mr. Prato, kindly man, is but the instrument, in these paragraphs, of a literary device. We wish him the fulness of his innocent good fortune—and all the other conquerors of the golden plateaus. But their roles in the Revlon rites suggest sobering afterthoughts. Let us hope that another and perhaps greater Sophocles will arise to purge the Thebes of our national conscience of the sinister corruption that lives behind the window where no sound comes save the riddle of the Manufacturers Trust Company.

—Robert Lewis Shayon.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Beryl Grey and the Queen's Ballet

—*Houston Roger.*

Beryl Grey in "The Lady and the Fool"—"expression . . . for her special talents."

THOUGH the biennial return of the Sadler's Wells Ballet to the Metropolitan Opera House and points west is cause enough for gratitude, there was a particular pleasure in this year's reappearance. For it brought back, after an absence since 1950, the sculptural Beryl Grey, who has been occupied much of the interim time with such unballetic m's as matrimony and motherhood. As on the occasion of the first memorable "Sleeping Beauty" which introduced the company to America in 1949, this opening found Miss Grey's Lilac Fairy almost compensation for the curse imposed on Miss Fonteyn's Princess Aurora.

Beryl Grey returns also as the central figure in a new ballet, "The Lady and the Fool," taken over from the Sadler's Wells Theatre repertory, where it had won success. With choreography by John Cranko and a musical score made by Charles Mackerras from Verdi, it gives her special talents a decided opportunity for expression. In addition, there is her fine Odette-Odile in "Swan Lake" to anticipate, as well as Princess Aurora in "Sleeping Beauty," which alternates with her Lilac Fairy. "Giselle," in which Miss Grey is remembered as an unusually able Queen of the Wilis, is, regrettably, not in the Sadler's Wells repertory for this United States visit.

A recent conversation with David Webster, general administrator of the Royal Opera, brought forth the fact that Miss Grey and the company in which she appears are almost exact contemporaries. That is to say, Miss Grey was a mere two years of age when the company was born, yet both have prospered so well that it has a distinguished history to look back upon as it turns twenty-five, and she has a fine future ahead of her at twenty-seven. In another artistic field—opera, say, or theatre—this would have no special significance. But ballerinas, as Dr. Samuel Johnson said of the Scotsman who would amount to anything, must be caught young; and it is a good augury for the future that Miss Grey, a Londoner born and bred, is wholly a prod-

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uct of the Sadler's Wells School. Fonteyn, for example, had some previous training elsewhere, but Grey is an abiding example of what can be done with home talent trained from the rudiments up. It is reasonable to assume that fledglings of today are occasionally reminded, with her as example, of the heights to which one may soar on the symbolic wings worn in "Les Sylphides" or "Lac."

For that matter, it was an interesting revelation of this same talk that the administration itself has no intention of resting on its laurels. "We have just opened a new junior Wells School in Richmond Park," Webster related. "This may not mean anything to you, but it is the famous old White Lodge in Windsor which has been a landmark for generations." Queried as to the future of the traditional building in London opposite St. Paul's School, Webster added: "That has been enlarged, and will go on. But in Richmond we can start them off at an earlier age—eight, nine, ten—than was feasible in London. The old school lacked boarding facilities, so that the children had to live away from the premises. We draw them from all over the Commonwealth and America, and I can't say I blame parents for not wanting their tots on the loose in London at that age. At the same time, a later start can be a handicap. Here in Richmond Park we will be able to have about 100 boarding on the premises, another 100 as day students." Plainly his enthusiasm for the new prospects reflected the optimism of Dame Ninette de Valois, director of the company, and of Arnold Haskell, whose broad background makes him an ideal administrator of the educational aspects of Sadler's Wells Ballet.

It was just across the street from the hotel room in which we were sitting that I first made the acquaintance of David Webster, days before the company's bow here in 1949. Then it was the Gotham, now the St. Regis. "It all seems such a long time ago," we agreed. "Thousands of performances, thousands of miles of travel, thousands of spectators" (not to mention hundreds of thousands of dollars traveling eastward after each tour). "It was a time of uncertainty," Webster commented. "We couldn't possibly know how America would take to us." "No one could know what was in store for us," was the answer, "or what these American visits would mean to you."

"The first response to that," he said, "must I am afraid be a little negative. It is an interruption of the year-round schedule of rehearsals and the preparation of new works to pick up and

(*Continued on page* 63)

History

Continued from page 20

the necessary lead to set right a world increasingly out of joint, that he has chosen to examine.

HIS story begins with the warning notes in the early century. Here he presents the learned Pierre Bayle, whose vast "Historical and Critical Dictionary" was a crowded arsenal of ammunition all century long for the fathers of modern incredulity. The high-minded Fénelon, Archbishop of Cambrai, is there, courageously holding the mirror of fact to his ruler; and the skeptical Fontenelle.

The account ends with the adventurous, gay, and reckless Beaumarchais, whose comedies lashed the foibles of the expiring Old Régime; but it is the titans of the middle years of the century over whom Mr. Havens lingers most, and quite properly so. For it was of them that Grimm thought when he wrote in high jubilation: "An immense republic of cultivated minds is being formed in Europe; enlightenment is spreading on all sides."

In that section appears the reserved, studious magistrate Montesquieu, pondering in his retreat the lessons of history, laying bare the structure of his own age, propounding for the future restraints upon monarchical despotism, and vigorously advancing fullest freedom for the individual—at least the propertied individual—in thought and conscience and economic endeavor. Here the electrifying bundle of energy, compounded of spleen and hope, wit and learning, satire and indignation, in a word Voltaire. Here there are balanced and sympathetic pages of the intense, frustrated, paranoiac Rousseau, grappling in his persistent and tortured way with the problem of inequality in the midst of unparalleled prosperity.

It is inevitable when an author casts his net so widely that each reader should regret that it had not brought up yet another figure. So the reviewer would have wished something more on Condorcet, on the Abbé Raynal, and on the most dogmatic and arrogant of all the well-wishers of humanity, the Physiocrats. But, obviously, we can not have all. He would also tilt, though not too vigorously, against the author's conviction that the eighteenth century found as many of the answers as he thinks it did for the problems of the twentieth. These, however, are small points of disagreement or difference in emphasis. Professor Havens's magnificent volume can rest upon its merits.

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Weekend Fun

Continued from page 21

as any book can be so in a constantly expanding field of experiment—and at the same time a book geared to the average gardener. Every bit of information needed by the gardener is there, from the historical backgrounds of where the bulbs originally came from, on through the selection of them, the right care and preparation of the soil, down to a section on flower arrangements by Ann Hagan. You may feel that there is too much for your weekend garden needs, but an investment in a book of permanent value does not mean you have to follow everything in it immediately. Perennials, too, come in for consideration in planning for next year's garden and this year's output of gardening books offers a choice: **"All About the Perennial Garden,"** by Montague Free (Doubleday, $5.95) and Marjorie P. Johnson's **"Perennials"** (in that wonderful little Garden Library which is published by Rinehart, at $1.50 a volume). (There is also a small and excellent book on **"Hardy Bulbs,"** by R. Milton Carleton, in the same series, which for beginning gardeners might be a good selection as a first volume before investing in the Everett book.) As books on perennials go, the Montague Free book is the definitive one. But for those who want to start with a few basic perennials Marjorie Johnson's book supplies the basic needs.

THE vast majority of weekend gardeners depend on annuals for a good succession of bloom, for cutting, and for quick and relatively inexpensive results from seeds. Yet even here beginners at this season are facing disappointment. What was wrong? In **"Annuals"** (Rinehart, $1.50) Ann Robbins has chosen a few basic annual plants, and she concisely and clearly takes the beginning gardener step by step from selection and location through preparation of soil, method of planting, and the cultivation necessary for success with them. Here's your first book. It will help you now to see what went wrong. It will also help you in midwinter to choose from the seed catalogues what you will want on your second try. But if your annual garden lived up to your hopes this year you are ready for **"The Complete Book of Annuals,"** by Grayson and Rockwell (Doubleday, $5.95), a book which may well be your gardening bible for many years to come. For in it are carefully planned lists with color, height, and the season of bloom—all very helpful facts to

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ponder while your garden develops.

Have you had a vegetable garden this year, and despaired because the effort (and the investment) which you put into it seemed out of scale with the results? My first vegetable garden would have discouraged any but the most persistent amateur. Only this year have I really been "scientific" about it, but I've had some good vegetable gardens in spite of trial and error. This year I promoted myself and in the second week in June my pea vines were laden with bursting pods and the rows of beans, spinach, beets, carrots, lettuce sturdily withstood the unseasonable drought. The explanation was **"Burrage on Vegetables"** (Van Nostrand, $4.50). I used his chapter on "The Weekend Gardener" as my basis. I checked his recommendations on what and where to purchase and followed his advice. Then I used his planting and cultural instructions in the main body of the book.

My next project (which may already be your problem) is gardening in the shade. There are two books this season, one supplementing the other. **"Shady Gardens: How to Plan and Grow Them,"** by Emily Seaber Parcher (Prentice-Hall, $4.95), will put heart into anyone who had reluctantly decided that a garden was impossible. She not only shows how it can be done but makes one feel that even, granted the boon of sunlight, one shady corner should be found in any garden for the sheer joy a garden in the shade affords.

To attain color in the garden is the hope of almost every gardener. But somehow it does not always work out. William H. Clark, whose **"Gardening the Small Place"** in 1952, proved the answer to many a new homeowner's prayers, has a book that should help solve the color problem. **"Gardening for Color"** (Little, Brown, $2.95) is down-to-earth and practical. Here are the fundamental principles of planning your garden, from bulbs and perennials and annuals to shrubs and trees and vines, with color insured from March to November. The method is here, and so is the inspiration. And, from one weekend gardener to another, it can be done.

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Writers and Writing

Continued from page 15

flict between inner and outer reality and are concerned with human beings rather than with abstract ideas, problems, or technical ingenuity. A serious, poetic craftsman, Hauptman reveals the influence of Shakespeare in his romantic phase, and most predominantly that of his revered Goethe. Mr. Garten touches only incidentally on Hauptman's life and, regrettably, does not explore deeply in his mystic strain, whose roots are similar to those of Jakob Böhme and Angelus Silesius. Brevity of space likewise forces him to skim over Hauptman's non-dramatic achievement. As an introduction and synthesis, however, this is an absorbing, provocative little volume.

LEON BLOY: Almost superficially clever is Rayner Heppenstall's evaluation of Léon Bloy (1846-1917), the French author who "initiated single-handed the Catholic novel as we understand it today." There is in this work as much about Mr. Heppenstall as about Bloy, for the English critic has used Bloy to explain his own near conversion to Catholicism. The first part of the essay, thus, is a kind of autobiography, revolving around his spiritual wrestlings and the hold Bloy's writing exerted on him. The second part is a rather more intensified explanation of Bloy. A violent exponent of his faith and intolerant of dissenters, Bloy made his writings the vehicles of his ideas. He saw poverty as a divine state, a metaphysical state beyond the reach of social justice. He was imbued with a "distinct vein of mystical eroticism, and he looked for supernal meaning in heroic events and figures." For Napoleon, thus, he entertained a feeling of hero worship. And in Judaism he saw the ancestry of Catholicism. He hated England, blaming that country even for introducing compulsory vaccination into France. Potentially though not actively psychotic, he hated sinners and the rich, gloating over the eternal damnation that awaited them. For all his excess of emotion and prose—with an "apocalyptical fixity of vision" that echoes medievalism—Bloy had a profound influence on subsequent novelists, such, for instance, as Graham Greene. Like Gide, strongly autobiographical in his writings, he has ambivalently stirred Mr. Heppenstall and other readers. "At his best Bloy was majestic. At his worst there is something lovable in the old fraud." He is to be admired "for his charm as a monster, his force as a prototype."

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Pepper Coast Republic

Continued from page 12

roads, no real contact with the Hinterland was possible. No Liberian President ever ventured into the back country until President Edwin Barclay took a trip by hammock in the early 1930s. The British and French steadily nibbled off bits of Liberian territory; Liberians assert that they lost 44 per cent of their nation through various "rectifications" of the frontier. Of course nobody could say with much precision what the original frontiers were. The worst crisis in the history of modern Liberia came between 1926 and 1936, because of financial troubles and a scandal over slavery. For a time it seemed that the country would be taken over by some foreign agency.

THE PRESIDENT: PERSONAL

Mr. Tubman, the eighteenth President of his country, derives from an old Americo-Liberian family; his mother's forebears came from Sparta, Georgia, and his father's from Atlanta. Tubman's father was a minister of the gospel, who rose to be Speaker of the Liberian House of Representatives. He gave his son as good an education as the country provided in those days, which was not much, and the young Tubman became a lawyer. He worked hard, advanced quickly, and served both as a Senator and an associate justice of the Liberian Supreme Court, before his rise to the Presidency. He has always been an astute, shrewd, and farseeing politician.

The President is of medium height; he looks tough, shrewd, and supple. He likes the company of women, and has been married several times. His present wife, a cousin of former President Barclay's, is a pretty, shy, smiling woman. One of his sons went to a Massachusetts preparatory school and entered Harvard in 1954.

Mr. Tubman is a staunch Methodist —in fact he is a lay preacher and likes to be called "Doctor"—but he sometimes carries a gun. With this he is, on occasion, playful. By Liberian etiquette, no automobile may pass the Presidential vehicle (a Cadillac presented to him by an American businessman) and other cars must draw up to the side of the road and stop if the President is passing. Last summer somebody did not pull over, no doubt because he did not know that it was the Chief Executive behind him. The tale is told—it may well be apocryphal —that Mr. Tubman then drew out his pistol calmly and shot out the rear

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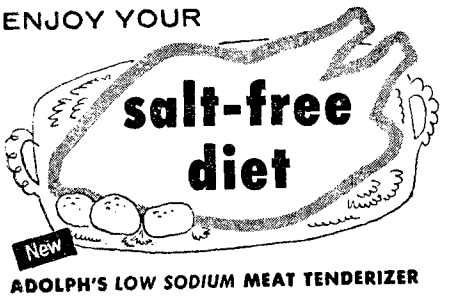

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tires of the offending car. When he saw that the occupants of the automobile he had halted so dramatically were an American and his wife he gallantly picked them up, and, amid much laughter, drove them to their destination.

Much talk in Liberia centers on Mr. Tubman's yacht, the *President Edward J. Roye*. This 463-ton vessel, which has a passenger capacity of thirty-six, was bought in Holland, where it had been a coastwise steamer. No one knows exactly what it cost, but its upkeep is estimated to be around $125,000 a year, or more than 1 per cent of the total national budget. Mr. Tubman dispatched no less a personage than the country's secretary of state to shop for it in European marine circles.

One story is that the yacht could, in the event of a Liberian revolution (a prospect unlikely in the extreme), be a convenient mechanism for the quick escape from the country of the entire cabinet. Reports that the *President Edward J. Roye* is not seaworthy are manifestly untrue; it carried Prime Minister Nkrumah of the Gold Coast to and from Monrovia on his recent state visit, and in 1952 Mr. Tubman used it—part way—for a trip to Spain. Tubman partisans say that the yacht, far from being a personal luxury on the part of the President, is a national necessity. It is, in fact, the Liberian navy.

Liberia has one independent (or more or less independent) newspaper; this printed a dispatch from Washington early in 1953 announcing that President Eisenhower did not intend to keep his Presidential yacht in commission. There was, of course, no mention of Mr. Tubman's yacht, but that such an article should be printed at all, criticizing the Chief Executive by even the faintest implication, was considered to be extremely daring. Not all has been smooth aboard the yacht itself. According to the authoritative British journal *West Africa*, four of its Dutch officers were suddenly replaced by Germans not long ago. They were alleged "to have been concerned in a mutiny on board."

The President is a jovial and relaxed person socially, but his official life is marked by the most extreme punctilio. Everything official in Liberia is, for that matter, sternly formal. At Tubman's second inaugural, which is supposed to have cost a sum truly grandiose, *gray* cutaways and top hats had to be worn. One luckless photographer got into trouble by taking a picture of a Liberian dignitary arriving for a function—the inaugural festivities lasted a whole week—dressed in gray formal clothes of the most impeccable cut, but riding in an open pickup truck; that the truck should have been included in the photograph was deemed tactless. People like to be addressed by their titles as well as names. Almost everybody is an "Honorable," and the proper mode of address is "Mr. Undersecretary" and so on. Life at the Executive Mansion, which is on the corner of Ashmun and Randall streets, is strictly regulated. In the garden of this building, however, I saw something startlingly informal—statues of an elephant, a leopard, and a bush cow. The elephant's trunk is adorned with a colored electric light, as is the forehead of the bush cow and the leopard's fiercely open mouth.

The Chief Executive is a wealthy man, and has property in Monrovia (several houses said to be his were pointed out to us), a sizable rubber estate near Cape Palmas, and Konoyale, a cocoa plantation near Totota. Of course the President has defects, but he is sharply intelligent, alert, and accessible; that he keeps his fingers on everything is his chief source of power. He is certainly the hardest working man in Liberia, and, I heard it said, the *only* man with the real interests of the country at heart.

No President has ever traveled in the Hinterland as much as he; intermittently he goes upcountry to have palaver with the native chiefs. Practically all the Liberian tribes support him now, except perhaps some dissident Krus. Most important of all, a full 20 per cent of the national budget goes nowadays to a new Economic Development Program, which is being administered with Point Four cooperation, as we shall see below. If rubber and iron ore continue to bring good prices. Mr. Tubman will have more revenue at his disposal for public improvements and education. He certainly needs everything he can get if Liberia is to become a mature, self-respecting state.

THE PRESIDENT: POLITICS

Mr. Tubman was first elected to the Presidency in 1943, and took office early the next year, his term being for eight years. In those days a Liberian President could not succeed himself, but the constitution was amended so that, in 1951, Mr. Tubman was able to stand for a second term, which he won without difficulty. This term was, however, limited to four years. In 1953 the Senate and House passed a petition urging him to accept a national "draft" in 1955, and succeed himself once more, and this he agreed to do. Originally—in the early Forties—Mr. Tubman was a "Barclay man," handpicked by the

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then President, Edwin Barclay, to be his malleable successor. Instead of being a puppet, he broke open the old Barclay clique, pursued his own policy, and became President in fact as well as name.

I have already mentioned that the people of Liberia are sharply divided into two groups (1) the Americo-Liberians and (2) the natives, who are the huge majority. The basic cleavage is that between the ruling Americo-Liberian minority and the overwhelmingly more numerous mass of natives. If there is any struggle for power it is between these two sections of the population. But the natives have practically no power. One can appreciate readily how the first Americo-Liberians, expanding from their original tiny nucleus and seeking to hold themselves together, feared and despised the aborigines in the Hinterland. But as Liberia developed and became stable the natives were treated worse, not better. They were denied the most elementary rights and decencies. The Liberian Government behaved toward them even in modern times as backward white colonial powers did fifty years ago.

The great bulk of natives is still excluded from the fruits of government or business in Liberia, but Tubman has done more for them than any other President ever has. He had the good sense to see that, considerations of justice quite aside, Liberia could not be made into a viable state if something like 1 per cent of the nation permanently oppressed 99 per cent.

Mostly Mr. Tubman rules by means of patronage, exactly as a President of the United States may rule. His enormous, unchallengeable weapon is jobs. The Government (Firestone excepted) is by far the largest employer in the country, and all Government jobs go—naturally—to members of the True Whig party. The party is financed in turn by a levy on every officer who earns $25 a month or more, amounting to two weeks' salary during normal times, a month's salary in an "election" year. Nobody can possibly get a job if he is known to be in opposition, and no opposition can exist effectively because nobody outside the Government has any funds. No neater system of political domination has ever been devised.

Overt criticism of the President is considered to be sedition, and a person guilty of giving information of a deleterious nature to foreigners is, in theory, subject to a jail sentence. As a result people in Monrovia are somewhat guarded in their expressions of opinion. There is no Gestapo (as is sometimes alleged) because there is little need to have one; everybody tells Mr. Tubman everything, if only to curry favor. All this being true, it is astonishing that public criticism, of a veiled sort (and never aimed at the President directly), is sometimes heard. One newspaper, a remarkable journalistic phenomenon, called the *Friend*, is not against Tubman, but tries to take its own line. In March 1953 it wrote that "high job seekers" were among those urging Mr. Tubman to come out for a third term. The President issued a statement denying this and saying that the editor was a disappointed job-seeker himself. The editor replied in a front-page editorial, "We feel that we owe it to the public to correct the statement made by the President in which he alleges that the editor of the *Friend* is 'disgruntled, mortified, and chagrined' because of his disappointment in not being appointed consul general to Germany. We call on High Heaven to refute this statement, and we hasten to make it cristal [*sic*] clear that we are not disgruntled, mortified, or chagrined."

One opposition leader of consequence has, despite all obstacles, managed to rise, a man named Dihdwo Twe. He is a Kru, and for years sought to represent the crushed masses in the Hinterland. Back in the 1920s he helped bring to light before the League of Nations the role of leading Liberians of that time in the slave traffic, and the ruling classes have hated him ever since. In 1951 Mr. Twe achieved something almost impossible—he organized a genuine opposition party and set out to oppose Tubman for President. A further miracle might have occurred and he might have won the election, but at the last moment the outraged True Whig forces managed to prevent him from running owing to "a technicality." Mr. Twe was then charged with sedition, but managed to escape from the country. His movement was called "treasonable," and several of his adherents were arrested. Recently the Institute of Ethnic Affairs in Washington petitioned the Human Rights Commission of the U.N. on behalf of Mr. Twe, who is now living in Sierra Leone. Witch doctors were employed to try to poison Twe, this document alleges. Mr. Twe, who was educated in the United States, wrote Mr. Tubman a perfectly dignified letter (before he fled the country) urging electoral reform. Mr. Tubman's reply was as follows: "For the present time, my reply to your note is that you are inherently a traitor to your country, a consummate liar, a senile visionary, a sophisticated bigot, and an uncompromising egotist, the truth of which you will be made to realize."

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(Continued on page 34)

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(Continued from page 33)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1122

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

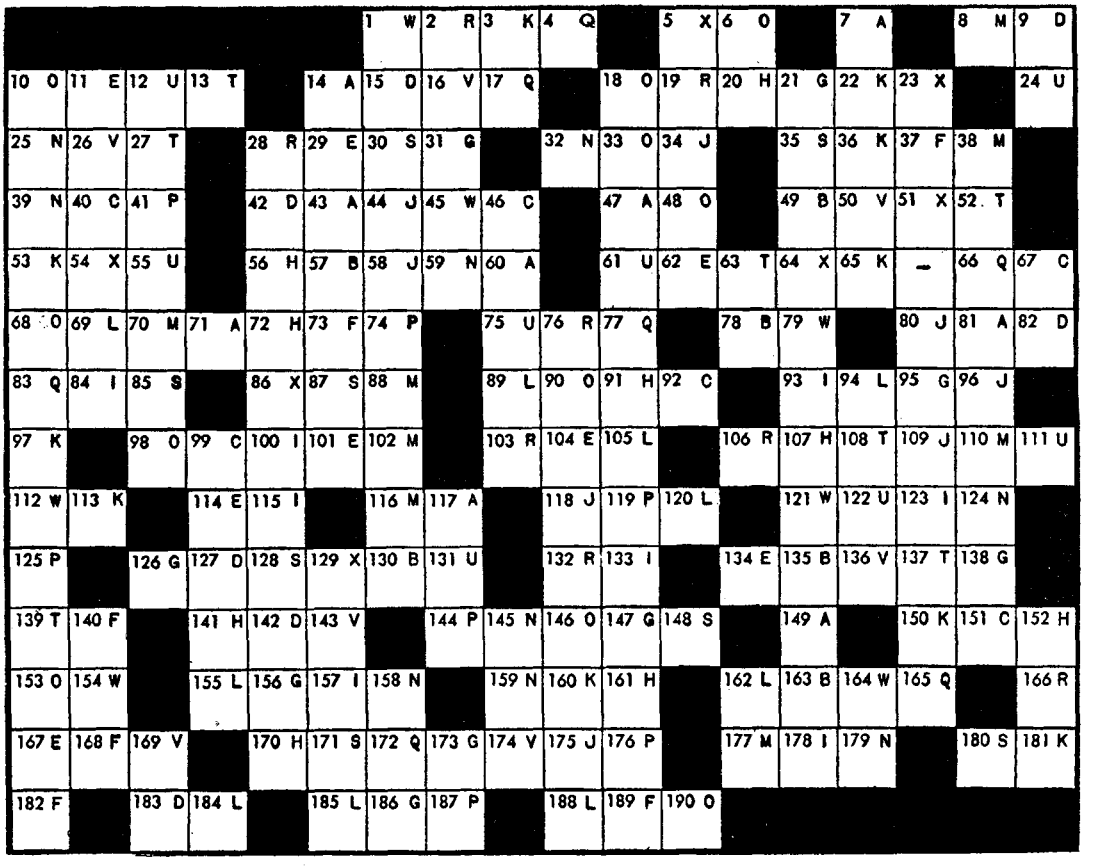
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Secret "project" that resulted in the first atom bomb.	14 7 60 71 81 43 47 149 117
B. Agree to become tenant of landlord of an estate previously held by another.	130 78 49 163 57 135
C. German measles.	67 151 99 46 92 40
D. Electromagnetic apparatus for separating isotopes.	15 42 9 127 82 183 142
E. Anything manufactured with perforations.	104 167 11 101 62 114 29 134
F. Each morning (2 wds.).	73 168 37 182 189 140
G. Chainmaker (esp. in England).	138 21 147 173 126 31 156 95 186
H. Unchangeable.	72 170 20 152 107 141 56 91 161
I. Said of an item in a catalog described, but without illustration (2 wds.).	115 133 157 84 178 100 93 123
J. Name of a tribe or race of people.	34 118 96 175 44 80 58 109
K. Specifying midday occurrence (3 wds.).	97 65 160 3 113 150 181 36 53 22
L. Hot, planet-sized star, of sunlike density; as, the companion of Sirius (2 wds.).	188 89 94 185 120 162 155 69 105 184

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. By name.	88 38 70 116 177 8 102 110
N. Immediately upon command (3 wds.).	25 159 32 158 179 59 39 145 124
O. Delicious French soup named in 1917, often served very cold.	10 146 18 33 190 6 153 48 90 98 68
P. Slang for a highbrow, usually disparaging.	41 74 176 119 187 125 144
Q. Continues to concoct (mischief, etc.).	172 83 66 165 17 77 4
R. Lateral branch of a mountain range.	19 103 28 106 2 76 166 132
S. Condition which nullifies an offered wager (2 wds.).	87 30 35 171 148 180 128 85
T. Storage place for corneas (2 wds.).	63 13 137 139 108 52 27
U. Capable of being mixed.	131 111 61 75 122 24 12 55
V. To comprehend as a part in a total.	174 169 26 16 50 143 136
W. Something Mephistopheles could sing in more ways than one (2 wds.).	45 79 121 112 164 1 154
X. Layer in the ionosphere which reflects radio waves, at varying heights (2 wds.).	64 51 129 23 5 86 54

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 30 of this issue.

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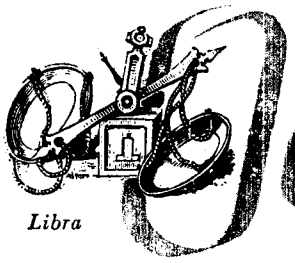

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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

SEPTEMBER 24, 1955

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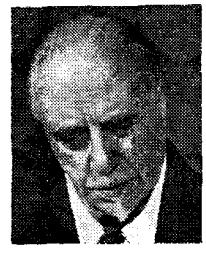
MARXIST MUSIC/*Some Dangerous Illusions*

In recent years the Sunday Times *of London has presented, during the annual summer holiday of its distinguished music critic Ernest Newman, commentaries by Sir Thomas Beecham on various aspects of his art. Because of the challenging theme that Sir Thomas discusses in "Marxist Music,"* SR *has arranged for the following republication.*



By SIR THOMAS BEECHAM, Bt.

TO THE average onlooker and listener music everywhere would appear to be in an enviable condition of success and popularity. Audiences are considerably larger than at any time during the prewar period; in the European world both state and municipality can hardly do too much to protect and propagate it; concert and operatic performances have multiplied embarrassingly; half the dilettanti seem to be scribbling notes and, what is more remarkable, are getting them played. There is an animated and lively competition between half-a-dozen nations as to which of them is at the present moment in the van of progress. The Americans are quite sure that it is they who during the last thirty years have contributed most to the stock of pretended masterworks. We Britons are similarly confident that we are leading the world in creative effort; the Russians, French, Italians, and Germans are all equally satisfied with their respective achievements.

Briefly, there has never before been so much opportunity for new talent, so many openings in the opera-house and in the concert-room for the aspirant to public favor; and managers, conductors, and critics alike unite to bestow praise upon or view with tolerance this vast output of novelty. How much of this universal complacency is justifiable? That question I shall answer in four words: *hardly any of it.* I find it easily permissible to go one step further and assert that not one-twentieth part of the music written in the past thirty years has the smallest chance of survival.

What do I mean by survival? Nothing more than a solid and enduring hold upon the affections of that public which now is having ample chance to make comparison between it and the music written during at least two centuries prior to 1914. What would happen to our opera-houses and concert-halls if the music of that earlier period were banned from performance, and reliance placed only upon that of the last forty years?

There is only one answer to this question, and in their hearts managers, conductors, and critics, save a tiny minority of fanatics, know it full well. Within twelve months, or even six, all would close their doors, and the splendid fabric of glittering success would vanish as surely as Prospero's vision of the dissolving universe. Yet there prevails nearly everywhere, at least among composers and critics, the opinion that day by day we are viewing or rather hearing a brave new world. This curious state of self-delusion is largely due to the extraordinary rise of the nationalistic spirit in nearly every country during the past hundred years. In each of those areas which hitherto had been comparatively barren of genuine musical invention arose a rugged determination to remedy this unhappy deficiency.

IN England I have lived to view no fewer than three enthusiastically engineered campaigns on behalf of our native effort. The first was sponsored by Parry, Stanford, and Mackenzie, with half-a-dozen lesser claimants to recognition; and to the press of that time (*i.e., from* 1880-1900) there seemed small doubt that Great Britain was rapidly gaining

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equality with the four leading Continental countries. The late Sir William H. Hadow cheerfully coupled the names of Brahms and Parry, as if a parity of status between them was an accepted fact, and the operas of Stanford, Mackenzie, and Goring-Thomas were greeted with cries of delirious rapture. Of this so-called "First Renaissance" of British music there is hardly anything played today in the land of its birth, and none of it has crossed the Channel or the Atlantic.

About 1900 there was a fresh stirring of the waters, and during the next ten years there were all the visible symptoms of a "Second Renaissance"; at least that is what its supporters claimed for it. Its protagonist was of course Elgar, who produced his best and most popular works in the early years of the century. A little later he was joined by Delius, surrounded by a younger group of whom Vaughan Williams soon appeared to be the most individual. Between the great wars it became evident that the leaders of this indisputably livelier movement had had their say, and that most of their disciples or followers were content with a spell of self-repetition that added little to the surprise or pleasure of their listeners.

The end of the Second World War witnessed the beginning of that era of material prosperity which has blinded the judgment of most people over much of what the so-called creative musicians were bringing forth, and English music passed inevitably into the agonizing throes of a "Third Renaissance." The public delight and press approbation were unlimited. This at last was the real thing! Our opera composers were producing monuments of ingenuity and inspiration equal to anything written elsewhere, past or present; and as for the symphony, the concerto, and any lesser form of the art our superiority was, of course, self-evident.

A good deal of this unattractive exhibition of chauvinism has lost much, but not yet all, of its earlier fervor, and the time is growing near when a just evaluation will have to be made of all that has been achieved or even attempted in the past thirty years. But for this to be undertaken with cool and impartial insight all the nonsense about national credit and prestige must be scrapped ruthlessly. No intelligent person of any pretensions to culture has ever bothered his head for five seconds as to whether a piece of music be French, English, or Italian: his only concern is that it should be genuine and not bogus.

How can he make a decision between the two entirely antithetical types? He has two criteria only to help him. The first a general knowledge of the best produced in the past; and the second, if he be a completely healthy and sane sort of creature, the presence in the music he is hearing of those elements vital to his content and happiness.

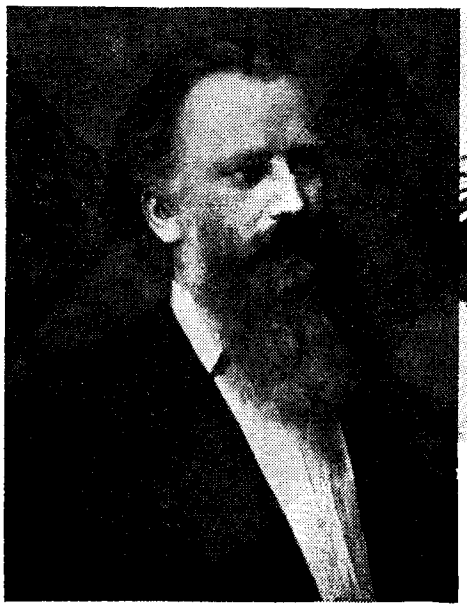
WHAT are the elements that we find in the earlier music? Virility in abundance; beauty of sound; inexhaustible melodic invention; grace, charm, romance, and exhilaratingly light-hearted brilliance. In the theatre we have only to think of Mozart, Rossini, Wagner, Verdi, Puccini, Gounod, Bizet, and Massenet to couple their names automatically with the qualities that I have enumerated. These are the men, most of them long since dead, who are the mainstay of every opera-house on earth; and hundreds of thousands of normal men and women go to hear their music because they find in it a generous response to the emotional as well as the intellectual demands of their natures. In the concert-room it is that great group of Classical and Romantic masters from Bach to Grieg who still give the authentic musical public all they seek in the way of human satisfaction, and, except for a few isolated achievements here and there, almost all that has been given us in these latter years is lacking in that which has made the giants of the past secure in the regard of their public.

My choice of a title for this article may seem a little fanciful to many of those who are kind enough to read it. But it has become impossible to ignore the effect direct or indirect which Karl Marx has created everywhere in the modern world. By a large portion of it his creed is revered as fanatically as in former ages were the ordinances of Moses and Mohammed; and even those who have resisted conviction have not remained untouched by its implacable rigidity.

Its author differed from all earlier exponents of materialistic philosophy in one striking particular. The theory that man was fundamentally an economic animal had been tempered by men like St. Simon, Blanc, and Prudhon with concessions that his status in the universe might be something more than a nameless number. But Marx paid no homage to religion, humanity, sentiment, tradition, loyalty to country, or any other emotional impulse that sullied the purity of his own dogma. He invented a simple species of historical reckoning based upon the gradual transference of power and authority from one class to another; the final phase being the supremacy of the proletariat. This was inevitable as the dawning of another century, and it was for the fulfilment of this end that he called upon the empty-handed ones of the universe to get together. From him proceeds that most corrosive instrument of disintegration the European world has yet known: class warfare, glorified into a secular religion.

That world had witnessed and endured wars dynastic and religious; and after each of them it had found itself again with some settled and tolerably secure system of social life. During six centuries the forces of culture represented by literature, architecture, painting, sculpture, and music had managed not only to survive, but to bring forth fresh flowers of beauty and enlightenment in each successive generation. It is of pathetic interest that while the great German Jew, during his exile in London, was spinning his web of social dissolution the bulk of popular historical and philo-

(*Continued on page* 49)



"The late Sir William H. Hadow cheerfully coupled the names of Brahms and Sir Hubert Parry [above, on his yacht *The Wanderer*], as if a parity of status between them was an accepted fact . . ."

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Lhevinne (c. 1920)—"speed and boldness."

Rubinstein (1886)—"master and colossus."

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Hofmann (c. 1915)—"elegance, wizardry."

The Grand Manner

By ABRAM CHASINS

ON SEVERAL occasions in these pages I have betrayed my sorrow that the tradition of Romantic piano playing has decayed. It is not new for observers of one period to lament the loss of some enchantment of a former period. It is not new, it is not ingratiating, and it is always met with considerable disbelief if not with open resentment. This is natural for, in effect, such criticism calls for confessions of present inadequacy and makes demands on behalf of a former ideal.

Instrumental performance has one primary function: it is a means for the interpretation of music. Our brave new world of pianism, even with all its shining craftsmanship and heightened intellectuality, has suffered a descending temperature in the emotional climate. The chief casualty has been the music of the composer of composers for the piano.

Chopin, the philosopher of the beautiful, fashioned his iridescent harmonies and mysteriously-woven lunar colors upon a black-and-white instrument. The class master of Romanticism stated his own artistic objectives in a letter to his confidante Delfina Potocka: "Bach," he wrote, "is like an astronomer who, with the help of ciphers, finds the most wonderful stars. . . . Beethoven embraced the universe with the power of his spirit. . . . I do not climb so high. A long time ago I decided that my universe will be the soul and heart of man . . ." That's all, just the soul and heart of man!

In his greatest works (and Chopin produced proportionately the fewest negligible compositions of all great composers) he did indeed discern the heart of mankind and lure it into the soul of his music. And he left not only his unique masterpieces, but also specific comments on their interpretation. From him we learn that the Chopin style demands a controlled spontaneity, a direct cantilena, a variety of coloring, pedaling and rhythmic accentuation, an elegance of ornamentation which have all but vanished from the concert platform.

For many years now a few of us, haunted by unforgettable memories, have been insufferable observers to our companions at piano recitals which contained certain compositions of the romantic repertory, those we had heard in our youth from exponents of the grand manner. Thrilling and incandescent revelations linger with us that make most latter-day performances seem dim and dull.

Now, with two discs available to provide corroboration of our remembrances, of our tiresome tirades, perhaps we will be more kindly tolerated. These recordings are virtually missing links in the chain of evidence, in the evolution of the historic Romantic style. An eminent pianist who heard them remarked, "A few more records like this, and we'll all have to retire."

Victor has issued an LP Camden disc by Lhevinne, utilizing masters of the 1938-43 period. Columbia announces a Hofmann LP taken from his Golden Jubilee Concert in 1937. The two Josefs who continued the royal line stemming through that master, the colossus Anton Rubinstein, are heard mainly in the works of Chopin.

Lhevinne's fame rested chiefly upon a fabulous technical equipment and a ravishing sonority from the tenderest pianissimo to the fullest forte. The disc present his inimitable delicacy and double-note perfection in Chopin's study in thirds; a towering performance of the octave study, a despair and a delight to any pianist; a reading of the grandest of all the etudes, the "Winter Wind," which displays a daring in lightning speed that matches the boldness of the rising and falling waves of Chopin's original figuration. The dazzling virtuosity of the middle section of the A flat Polonaise and the relentless tempo and accuracy of the B flat minor Prelude border on the supernatural.

OTHER specialties of this master which demonstrate his incorruptible taste and sensitivity, are performances of Schumann's Toccata, the Schumann-Liszt "Fruehlingsnacht," and the Schulz-Evler transcription of the "Blue Danube Waltz," all teeming with superb playing that baffles the professional no less than the layman.

The disc also contains a performance of the Debussy-Ravel Fêtes by Josef and Rosina Lhevinne, in which duo-pianism reaches standards of taste, technique and artistry equally unchallenged today. From every point of view—refinement, beauty of tone, precision of phraseology and penetration of the essence of the music and its style—this interpretation is definitive.

When I heard the test record of the Hofmann disc, I recalled the phrase

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"crystalline pearls on red hot velvet." The disc features eight Chopin solos long identified with Hofmann's career; also Rachmaninoff's G minor Prelude, Mendelssohn's "Spinning Song," Beethoven's Turkish March, and Moszkowski's "Spanish Caprice," recaptured from a fortunate documentation of the Met jubilee concert.

Hofmann's art is the adventure of perfect technique, fantastic imagination, and profound insight among the emotions. It recalls the truth that art begins where technique ends; this has never meant that an expressive art ignores technique, but rather that it experiences and then transcends all the disciplines of technique to attain complete emotional freedom and communicative power.

Every performance could furnish ample material for a treatise on the art of pianism and interpretation. Here we can but mention a few aspects of Hofmann's wizardry. The sensitive listener will relish finger passages which emerge as perfectly graded necklaces of jewels as in the Chopin Berceuse and Waltzes, and the Mendelssohn "Spinning Song"; the rhetorical melodic eloquence of the Chopin Nocturnes, the Andante Spianato and the improvisory opening of the G minor Ballad before the legend begins; the matchless elegance of the embellishments in the Berceuse and the Polonaise, and the heroism of the latter.

The coquetry of the "Butterfly" Etude, the grace of the A flat Waltz, where each statement differs from another in fascinating accentual variety, all the while maintaining a basic unity through an unerring sense of relationship; the steely architecture of the Turkish March; and perhaps above all, the regal rhythm—these are unequalled examples of inexorable standards. Although most of these works are in the small forms, the acute listener, hearing Hofmann for the first time, will readily imagine his power in the monumental works when the instrument became too small, his vision too large for utterance.

To a degree this was also true of Lhevinne, and it is sad that we do not have records of these great romantic pianists in the towering works of their repertories. The cause of piano playing is thereby retarded and the public vastly impoverished.

Oh, yes. I almost forgot. The discs themselves, made in the Thirties, do not claim the characteristics of modern recordings. If that matters to anyone, he doesn't deserve to own them. Let these magical sounds fall upon grateful ears, for they bring us exquisitely wrought treasures from a virtually extinct art, and allow the living present to experience the fresh wonders of a mighty past.

The Divine Organ-Grinder (Opus 12)

By HERBERT WEINSTOCK

IN "L'ITALIANA IN ALGERI" (1813) the librettist happily sent a vivacious Italian girl to Algiers to become ludicrously involved with its Bey. One year later another librettist—by no measure so witty as Angelo Anelli had been—tempted his own fate and Rossini's by reversing the situation in "Il Turco in Italia." This time a predatory Turk named Selim visited Naples to become involved with a vivacious (married) Italian girl. To Felice Romani's uninspired libretto the twenty-two-year-old Swan of Pesaro, writing his twelfth opera in less than four years, composed a score that, though delightful in numerous passages, is as inferior to that of "L'Italiana in Algeri" as Romani's libretto is to Anelli's.

"Il Turco in Italia" was selected to open the season at La Scala on August 14, 1814; it was a failure. It waited seven years for a second hearing, and it has never been popular. In April of this year, however, it was handsomely revived at La Scala. Now we have a five-side LP recording (Angel 3535, $9.95) approximately reproducing that revival. What is more, it stars no less than Maria Meneghini Callas.

Writing in these pages [*SR* Mar. 26], I said that the recording of "L'Italiana in Algeri" under discussion there (Angel 3529 B) "could hardly be better." "Il Turco in Italia" merits some praise, but not of that excited order. The libretto and score, as said, are somewhat inferior. The conducting, by Gianandrea Gavazzeni, goes through its paces without the scintillance that distinguishes Carlo Maria Giulini's in "L'Italiana." Callas, who floats some of the lyric lines more lusciously than seems credible, is not within hailing distance of Giulietta Simionato as a buffa singing actress. Her supporting cast—Nicola Rossi-Lemeni, Nicolai Gedda (who flats painfully), Jolanda Gardino, Franco Calabrese, Mariano Stabile, and Piero di Palma—turns up no characters so remarkable as those created in "L'Italiana" by the singing of Mario Petri, Cesare Valletti, and Marcello Cortis. On records "L'Italiana in Algeri" is funny and beautiful; "Il Turco in Italia," beautiful at a few junctures, is seldom funny at all.

What we have, then, is a relished opportunity to acquaint ourselves with one possible "Turco" (there is no *Urtext*); to acquire some melodies out of Rossini's next-to-top drawer; and to hear Maria Callas (when music and text do not ask her to be funny) prove again that the golden age of singing could be now. We have also another demonstration, by Mariano Stabile, of what a well-schooled Italian singer can continue to do when the years have sadly depreciated his voice (Stabile was singing Falstaff under Toscanini at La Scala nearly thirty-five years ago). And if we stop to realize that when the young Rossini composed "Il Turco in Italia," Mozart had been dead only twenty-three years, and that in an opera ("Aureliano in Palmira") composed earlier the same year, Rossini had still provided a role for a male soprano, we should not be surprised that here, as in "L'Italiana in Algeri," we have music not far removed in style from the eighteenth century. Some of "Il Turco in Italia," indeed, and not least for the delightful virtuosity of its orchestration, could be passed off as music Mozart had judged not quite right for "Le Nozze di Figaro" or the less solemn scenes of "Don Giovanni."

THE engineers who recorded "Il Turco in Italia" had not "L'Italiana in Algeri" to work with, but they seem to me not to have done as well with what was at hand. The wonderfully graduated definition of instrumental color, volume, and vocal timbre is here reduced many degrees of sharpness, and I am made too conscious of monitoring. Yet I like this recording. I like many minutes of the opera. I should not wish to discourage any Rossini-minded listener from expending the time to hear it. But I cannot *not* say that the whole enterprise, as so often happens with operas, appears to have taken its prevailing tone from the quality of the libretto, in this case not funny enough or otherwise distinguished enough to have forced any of those who came later (Rossini included) quite up to his best. Not any, that is, except Angel, which has provided another handsome folder with pictures of the cast and of the La Scala revival; a knowing introduction by Cecil Smith; the Italian text (96⅓ per cent of it as it is actually sung); and a good English translation by William Fense Weaver.

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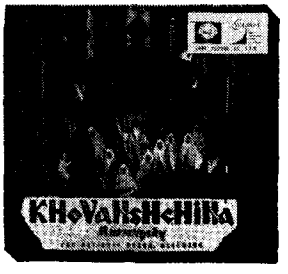

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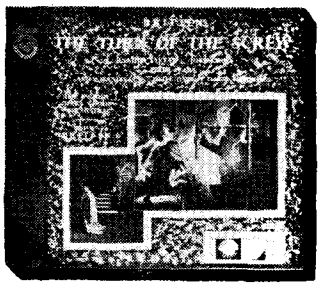

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PRINCESS IDA (Gilbert and Sullivan)

(Complete Recording) The D'Oyly Carte Opera Company and The New Symphony Orchestra conducted by Isidore Godfrey.

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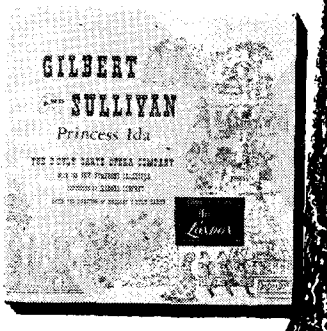

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THE OTHER SIDE

ENGLAND CALLS IT STEREOSONIC

LONDON.

ON AUGUST 26—two days behind schedule, owing to a strike which nearly brought about its cancellation—the Twenty-second National Radio and Television Exhibition (usually referred to as the Radio Show) opened its doors to a public eager to study the latest developments and to gape at many of its favorite TV personalities "in the flesh." Several factors combined to make this the most significant show of its kind since the war: the establishment of FM broadcasting, the forthcoming end of the BBC monopoly and the advent of commercially available, stereosonic recording.

Little need be said here of FM broadcasting, a subject to which I have already referred on a number of previous occasions, save that sets designed for its reception are featured this year by virtually all manufacturers and that a real effort is at last being made to explain its significance to the layman. In the field of sound radio, at any rate, the BBC will retain unchallenged control of our ether but when, on September 22, commercial television will for the first time invade British homes, we shall witness the end of an era. This is hardly the place for a study of the rôle which the BBC—that characteristically British compromise between government control and complete independence—has played during the past thirty-three years, but there can be no doubt that the heated parliamentary debates which preceded the establishment on the Independent Television Authority reflected the widely-felt anxiety lest the emergence of a rival, commercial service should result in a general lowering of standards. To allay such fears, many safeguards were incorporated in the act setting up the ITA: advertisers are to have no direct control over programs, "commercials" will be confined to brief periods between programs and transmission hours are strictly regulated. Whether or not such a system of semi-free enterprise is to prove workable in the long run, the Radio Show afforded ample proof that September 22 is regarded as a red-letter day by countless devotees of the cathode-ray tube.

Developments in the field of sound recording, as shown at the exhibition, have fallen somewhat short of expectations despite a greater emphasis than ever before on all manner of hi-fi equipment in the displays of the big manufacturers. (Smaller firms which specialize in high-grade amplifiers, speakers etc. do not, in any case, exhibit at Earls Court.) Among newcomers to this section I noted RCA Photophone Ltd., a subsidiary of the Radio Corporation of America, which offers a handsome, if fairly costly twelve-watt amplifier with remote control unit, while firms such as Pye and GEC remain in the forefront of those trying to popularize the concept of hi-fi.

GEC's demonstration of stereosonic reproduction, although purely experimental, provided what was perhaps the most exciting aural experience of the whole exhibition: we heard not only orchestral music but also the dawn chorus in a Surrey wood, a vivid sound picture of a railway junction and a jet fighter which made our hair stand on edge as it repeatedly skimmed over our heads! It was left to EMI, however, in their sumptuously appointed concert room, to turn the three-dimensional dream into reality with their cleverly staged presentation of the first commercially available stereosonic tapes and, in view of the continued silence concerning comparable developments on the part of Decca and other potential rivals, we can assume that HMV and Columbia have definitely stolen a march on their principal competitors.

Next month, then, exactly a year after the introduction of pre-recorded tapes, the British audio enthusiasts who can spare the sum of £250 will be able to acquire the HMV twin-console stereosonic reproducer and regale his astonished friends with a selection from the first HMV and Columbia releases of High Fidelity Stereosonic Tape Recordings. The latter, indeed, prove to be somewhat less costly than had been anticipated—prices range from two gns. to three gns. for a playing time of up to thirty minutes—and there are those in the industry who believe that it should be possible, within the next five years, to market stereosonic tapes at a cost comparable to that of LP discs! The inaugural lists contain something for all tastes: Dvořák's Cello Concerto Tortelier/Sargent), Sibelius's Second Symphony (Philharmonia/Kletzki), substantial excerpts from Act 2 of "Le Nozze di Figaro" (Glyndebourne, 1955), a recital of Mozart Songs (Schwarzkopf and Gieseking), Bach's Cantata No. 6 (conducted by Dr. Jacques), the Casse-Noisette Suite and Prokofiev's Classical Symphony (both Philharmonia/Malko), a concert by the Regimental Band and Massed Pipers of H.M. Scots Guards, and a selection of popular melodies played by Philip Green and his Orchestra.

Standard pre-recorded tapes, too, continue to emerge from Hayes in increasing numbers: HMV's September list includes a Wagner/Liszt program conducted by Furtwängler, Kubelik's performance of "Pictures from an Exhibition," Elgar's Enigma Variations and "Wand of Youth" Suite conducted by Boult, Rachmaninoff's Second Concerto (Moura Lympany), the Schumann and Grieg Piano Concertos (Moiseiwitsch), Cortot's performances of Schumann's "Carnaval" and "Etudes Symphoniques," and the "Liederkreis" sung by Fischer-Dieskau; Columbia features Herbert von Karajan and the Philharmonia in Beethoven's "Pastoral" Symphony, a selection of Opera Intermezzi and, with the incomparable Dennis Brain as soloist, the four Horn Concertos of Mozart, as well as including substantial excerpts from Strauss' "Arabella"—with Schwarzkopf in the title-rôle—and Brahms's B flat Quartet played by the Quartetto Italiano.

SOME of the backroom boys whose work is bound up with tape developments may already be inclined to look upon the microgroove disc as a species doomed to early extinction, but a mere glance at the current LP lists should suffice to banish such thoughts from the mind of any music-lover who has to count his pennies and who covets the maximum of enjoyment at the lowest possible cost. Here, indeed, is richness even without the benefit of stereophony and I, for one, cannot recall a month which has yielded so ample a harvest of outstanding operatic sets. On HMV we are offered two performances whose place in history was already assured when the original tapes were barely stowed away, for they are parting gifts from two of the greatest conductors of our age: Toscanini's incomparable account of "Un Ballo in Maschera" ("Otello" and "Falstaff" notwithstanding, I am inclined to regard this as the most astonishing and illuminating of the Maestro's operatic achievements) and Furtwängler's glowingly autumnal reading of "Die Walküre."

Most of us, I feel sure, have long ceased to expect casts even approaching the ideal—there are far too few first-class singers in the world today, and too many record companies!—but in each of these two sets the short-

(*Continued on page* 59)

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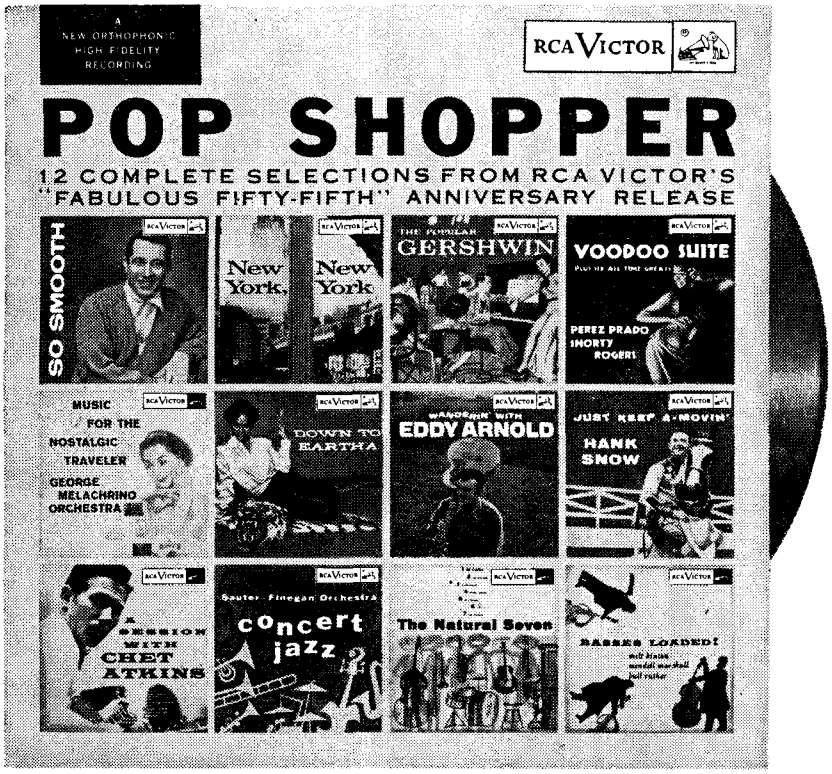

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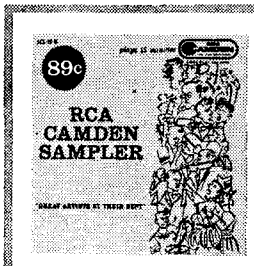

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Recordings in Review

Solo by Moore

"THE UNASHAMED ACCOMPANIST." *Gerald Moore, playing and speaking.* Angel-35262, $4.98.

THOSE WHO HAVE been listening for years to records with one ear for Gerald Moore and the other for the artist fortunate enough to have him as accompanist will be relieved to know that they can now acquire a record on which they can devote both ears exclusively to Moore. As well as being liberated from musical schizophrenia, the purchaser will be privileged to enjoy at leisure, and repeat as often as he wishes, that delightful lecture-recital which Moore gave in New York's Town Hall last fall, and which he will soon be reprising in other parts of the country.

As is readily apparent, the two-sided disc does not include all of the celebrated Torontonian's public performance, but it does include all the best illustrations and the most amusing comments. Hearing it all again, one is reimpressed with Moore's mastery of the art of nuance—not alone in the playing of his illustrations with precisely the shade of emphasis to make a point, but in the choice of words and inflections to share his wit with us. It is, in short, a revealing instance of the cultivated delivery of the English language as well as the musical one. Contrariwise, some of his most persuasive "lecturing" is done with his hands, rather than his voice.

For those who are unaware of the gamut Moore covers, it may be noted that the first side is devoted largely to the esthetic factors in the art of accompanying, the perception of the composer's purpose in "setting" the vocal part with an accompaniment that fills out the poetic image. Schubert, of course, is liberally drawn upon, but also Brahms, Strauss, etc. Side two deals specifically with the mechanics of balance, the pros and cons of transposition, other technical wisdom that has accrued to him in his thirty years' study of the craft. Soon enough the listener will realize that Moore has the kind of mind which remembers a humorous counterpart to practically every serious point he wants to make, or—and one suspects this is more often the case—the faculty to invent an "anecdote" if none has happened. In either instance, it is all germane, all illuminating, and above all, musical. Let us give special thanks for the wisdom that decreed the purchaser's privilege of laughing as much or as little as he chooses, rather than a presentation with the "built-in" laughter of an unseen audience.

Gerald Moore—"germane, illuminating."

The Art of the Aria

CILEA: *"Poveri fiori" ("Adriana Lecouvreur"), etc. Maria Callas, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Tullio Serafin.* Angel 35233, $4.98.

A CONCERTED EFFORT seems to be under way at Angel to make an aria singer out of Maria Callas, who is already distinguished as one of the few really great opera singers of our time. First there was the collection of Puccini excerpts: now we have her ranging around the operatic landscape in matters so various "La mamma morta" from "Andrea Chenier" and the "Bell Song" from "Lakmé," a tragic outcry of the heroine in Catalani's "La Wally" and the lighthearted "Una voce poco fa" from Rossini's "Il Barbiere."

The difference between an aria singer and an opera singer is, as every student of the subject knows, considerable. Now and again they may inhabit the same body, but it is a decided rarity. John McCormack, for example, made beautiful vignettes out of excerpts he sang only in concert, but that was a skill of which few others know the secret. To be sure, Miss Callas can sing, and pretty well too, the notes of practically everything in this recital, but at her true best, singing the notes is only the beginning of the performance she gives. The characterization that makes her Norma, her "Puritani," her Lucia absorbing is largely absent in these bits.

For one thing, the whiteness of sound is not pleasant to hear in "Una voce poco fa," "Ombra leggiera" ("Dinorah"), or the "Bell Song" (the "coloratura" side of the disc), and the drive which gives absorbing interest to her "La mamma morta" (though it is not on the level of the great ones by Raisa, Ponselle, or Muzio) cannot be accommodated by the Cilea excerpts or "L'altra notte" from "Mefistofele." It is as though an Escudero went in for the old soft shoe: he could doubtless manage the evolutions with virtuosity, but the style would jar. The coloratura lacks sparkle—which is to say, it doesn't have the first requirement of the genre—the lyric singing lacks charm. Perhaps it will sell: but that will be because it is by Callas, not because it is admirable. Serafin conducts watchful, waiting accompaniments. Very fine sound.

The Toscanini Taste

BIZET: *"Carmen" suite, thirteen other items. Arturo Toscanini and the NBC Symphony Orchestra.* RCA Victor LM-6026, $7.96.

SOMEBODY, SOMEDAY, will produce a suitable monograph on the miracle of Toscanini, complete with citations from his recorded literature, in which the elements of his unique way with music will be codified, perhaps, or at least clarified. High in the list, I suspect, will be the rarefied matter of taste: that quality which, too often, has betrayed a Furtwaengler or a Mengelberg, to cite two men of comparable stature. Here we have a reminder, in this sizable collection of fourteen excerpts from the orchestral literature, of the distinction which he imparted to almost anything he touched: from Bizet's "Carmen" suite to the "Rakoczy" March from Berlioz's "Damnation of Faust."

These happen to be the first and last items in the sequence (which brings together a miscellany of material mostly available in the past, plus a seasoning of items not previously on LP), but each makes its contribution to the factor we are here concerned with. In the "Carmen" it is the vitality and justice of pizzicato strings behind a bassoon solo that captures the ear; in the Berlioz a build-up of a crescendo which, though in 1945s low-fi, has its own compulsion.

For that matter, has anyone heard the rather plebeian lyric theme in Suppé's "Poet and Peasant" overture treated with such queenly elegance as in this performance of July 18, 1943? The three Weber overtures ("Oberon," "Der Freischuetz," and "Euryanthe") are of sufficiently recent release to be readily recalled, but there are unexpected pleasures in the excerpts from Catalani's "La Wally" and "Lorelei," and a version of Glinka's "Kamarinskaya" (as broadcast on

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December 21, 1940). Best of all, perhaps, is the superbly pictorial "Queen Mab" scherzo from Berlioz's "Romeo and Juliet," retrieved from the air that absorbed it on November 10, 1951. RCA Victor calls this a "Toscanini Omnibus": as good a name as any, perhaps, for an assemblage of pieces otherwise lacking unity, though something like "Alchemy, UnLTD." would tell the story better. Samuel Chotzinoff is the author of an illuminating commentary which is illustrated by some engaging additions to the by-now familiar photo literature of this subject.

"Orff" from Brooklyn

SPELMAN: *"The Vigil of Venus." Zoltan Fekete conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra, the Vienna Academy Chamber Choir, and Ilona Steingruber, soprano, and Otto Wiener, baritone.* MGM E-3085, $3.98.

THOUGH I RATE MYSELF tolerably familiar with the prominent American composers since, say, 1891, I confess to no acquaintance at all with Timothy Mather Spelman, born in that year in Brooklyn. A graduate of Harvard, where he won the Elkan Naumburg Fellowship, he is credited with performances directed by Koussevitzky, Stock, Sir Henry Wood, and Albert Wolff, not to mention Walter Straram, who gave this work its first hearing in Paris in 1931. Howard Hanson directed it the following year in Rochester. Even the latest "Grove" mentions no public activity of Spelman since 1915!

This biographical data is presented here to assure the reader that a man capable of writing this large-scale cantata can actually live in the musical community and yet remain substantially unknown. The reference to Orff may in a sense explain why this work suddenly appears in a recording from Vienna. Like Orff, Spelman utilizes Latin texts, in this case "Pervigilium Veneris"; he writes confidently and well for chorus, orchestra, and solo voices; there is stride and imagination in his setting of the words; and he was, plainly, outside the stream of "modernism"—whether of the German or French variety—which has now dated so much of the production of the post-World War I epoch. Like Orff, again, he tends to the diatonic in his writings, flavoring it with enough contrapuntal seasoning to interest the ear.

So far as this work is evidence, Spelman is not so stimulating a creative personality as Orff, but he certainly merits a place in any future discussion of American compositional trends. Fekete has seized the dramatic values in the score with a sure hand, and made much of it invigorating to hear. Unfortunately, no Latin text is provided with the record, and the English text leaves one a little uncertain as to just what the Viennese choristers are singing. Clarity of enunciation is also not a virtue of Miss Steingruber, who otherwise sings her music uncommonly well, with a clear, hard voice that pushes its way through the mass at all times. Wiener is a suitable baritone.

The Other Rossini

ROSSINI: *"Stabat Mater." Maria Stader, soprano, Ernst Häflinger, tenor, Marianna Radev, mezzo, and Kim Borg, bass, with the RIAS Orchestra and chorus conducted by Ferenc Fricsay.* Decca DX-132, $9.96.

IT IS ONLY A FEW years since Jonathan Sternberg's pioneering version of this work (Oceanic 24) made clear how much more beautiful music there is in this score than the familiar "Cujus Animam." Now there are three versions from which to choose (Joseph Messner directs a Salzburg-originated one on Remington 199-111), of which this latest is clearly the best. This is not necessarily because Fricsay's perceptions are superior, but even more for the excellence of the solo quartet and the rarefied kind of appropriate sound the Deutsche Grammophon engineers have contributed.

Häflinger, as those who noted his participation recently in Kodály's "Psalmus Hungaricus," has a fine lyric voice which he curls securely around a high D flat in a cadenza to his famous aria, Maria Stader sings soaringly in the Elisabeth Schumann manner, Kim Borg, of Finland, has a supple, smooth bass voice, and Marianne Radev, of Yugoslavian origin, is a solidly equipped mezzo. Separately they all do their work well, but it is in the ensembles that one appreciates how carefully they were chosen to blend beautifully. Also, the Latin text is enunciated with distinctness by all.

As for the work itself, it is a never-faltering succession of superb melodic writing, tinged with some harmonic innovations that clearly were in Verdi's subconscious when he composed his great "Requiem." Whether they fulfil the implications of the liturgical text is another matter, for which varied listeners will have different answers. More often than not, there can be agreement that, in purely musical terms, Rossini rarely wrought more artistically.

On the fourth side, Decca offers Mme. Stader's lovely voice in a performance of Mozart's "Exsultate, jubilate" which shows her to be a really exquisite singer rather than merely the very neat one she sounded at her Town Hall appearance within the last year or two. Certainly it is a phonogenic voice, which should be heard from liberally in this Mozart year.

"Dichterliebe" by Dermota

SCHUMANN: *"Dichterliebe," other songs. Anton Dermota, tenor, with Hilde Dermota, piano.* Telefunken LGX 66023, $5.95.

INDOCTRINATED RECORD listeners have learned by painful trial and error that one can sometimes sense from an artist's soundings of the first notes of a composition—whether by voice, violin, or piano—that something uncommon is in the offing. This is not to say that every promise is fulfilled, or that an initial misstep cannot be retrieved, on the way to glory. But the first notes of Dermota's "Im Wünderschönen Monat Mai" proclaim the unusual, and the sustains the level thus set, throughout.

Taken together with the Ottavio he sings in London's current "Don Giovanni" (see page 56), it would suggest that Dermota has overcome whatever vocal setbacks he had a few years ago. It will be recalled that he was engaged for one of Rudolf Bing's early seasons at the Metropolitan, but begged off. There was some talk of indisposition then, likewise of his dislike for making a debut as David in "Meistersinger." But the Dermota that was heard subsequently in Salzburg did not seem to be the same singer as the one heard previously on London records.

Whatever those considerations, the Dermota of this "Dichterliebe" (recorded last February) is a *Lieder* singer in the tradition of Tauber, Schlusnus, Panzera, Hüsch, and Schiøtz. Most surprising, perhaps, is the discovery that a male singer need not necessarily break the melodic line of "Ich grolle nicht," as for instance, both Schiøtz and Panzera do in the famous LP (RCA Victor LM-6043) which couples their versions. Like them, Dermota uses the key of C, but he is able to muster the A necessary to complete the great rise to a climax rather than settling for the repeated D. There are some points of subtlety or textual finesse in which Panzera or Schiøtz have a little edge of superiority, but Dermota makes no false step at any point in an accomplishment of decidedly poetic qualities. He also does a fine "Lotosblume" (has there been a finer one since Leo Slezak's?), an excellent "Widmung," and thoroughly enjoyable versions of "Der Nussbaum," "Mondnacht," and, "Schöne Fremde" to round out side II. Hilde Dermota is the pianist, and very good too.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Bechet: "La Nuit est une Sorcière." Jacques Bazire conducting. London International WV-91050, $2.98.	This Bechet is indeed the mighty Sidney, whose artistry on the soprano sax is intermittently evident in the solo sections of this ballet score. However, it is prevailingly a patchwork of jazz and cinematic cliches, embarrassingly overarranged by (if I read the credit rightly) James Toliver. Good sound.
Busoni: "Tanzwalzer," etc. Igor Markevitch conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Angel 35154, $4.98.	In its esoteric aspects—Chabrier's "Fête Polonaise," this Busoni item, an orchestral version of the waltz from Stravinsky's suite No. 2 (four hands), even Liszt's "Mephisto" waltz—this "Portrait of the Waltz" is absorbing, also well performed. However, I doubt the appeal to the same ear of Saint-Saëns' "Danse Macabre," Sibelius's "Valse Triste," Mozart's "Sleigh Ride," and the Berlioz "Dance of the Sylphs" as Markevitch offers them . . . whether or not the total is called "A Portrait of the Waltz" or not. Fine orchestral playing and sound.
Cimarosa: Concerto for Oboe and Orchestra, etc. Sidney Gallesi, oboe, with the Scarlatti Orchestra directed by Franco Caracciolo. Angel 35255, $4.98.	Though Gallesi is not quite as able an oboe player as Leon Goossens and Mitch Miller, who have excellent versions available on Columbia and Mercury respectively, the other matter on the disc is decidedly attractive. This is especially true of the Lully-Mottl suite, only slightly less so of the Tartini Concerto No. 58 for strings. The Scarlatti ensemble does not have quite the verve of I Musici or the finesse of Virtuosi di Roma, but is a highly competent group in its own way.
Dvořák: Concerto in B minor. André Navarra, cello, with Rudolf Schwarz conducting the New Symphony of London. Capitol P-8301, $4.98. Pierre Fournier, cello, with Rafael Kubelik conducting the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra. London LL-1106, $3.98.	Two decidedly superior performances, altogether creditable to the persons involved in both instances. However, my suspicion is that the subtlety of Navarra will wear better than the more strenuous presentation of Kubelik and Fournier. Navarra (like Fournier, of French background) is sparsely represented on records, but he is clearly an artist of quality, with a mature, settled view of the music. Fournier is more impulsive, prompting Kubelik to a response that sometimes drives the orchestra beyond good balance with the soloist. The slight superiority in reproduced sound favors London.
Falla: Concerto for Harpsichord. Rieti; Partita. Surinach: "Tientos." Sylvia Marlowe, harpsichord, with the Concert Art Players. Capitol P 8309, $3.98.	A thoroughly excellent disc, not less for the brooding work of Surinach, and the ingeniously alive one of Rieti, than for the better-known, somehow unsatisfying score of Falla. Miss Marlowe's instrument has been deftly treated by the engineers, with a blend of sounds highly complimentary to her and the associated (oddly, anonymous) group of fine woodwind and string players.
Gershwin: "Rhapsody in Blue," Concerto in F. Julius Katchen, piano, with Montovani and orchestra. London LL-1262, $3.98.	Katchen has technical facility in abundance, and much of his execution in these works arouses admiration. However, some of his tempi, especially in the phrasing of melodic matter, are exaggerated, as are the orchestral flourishes as directed by Montovani. And, if this is merely a matter of taste, what of the really indefensible rearrangement of the "Rhapsody," in which the famous clarinet solo at the beginning becomes, almost immediately, an episode for unison strings?
Lumbye: "Dances from Tivoli." Tippe Lumbye conducting the Tivoli Concert Hall orchestra. Mercury MG-90000, $3.98.	Denmark could hardly send us a more enticing invitation to Copenhagen's famous Tivoli amusement park than this hour-long concert of typical nineteenth-century dance music by its gifted bandmaster of the 1840-1860 period. Included in the lively performances led by the composer's grandson are "Bouquet Royal," "Hesperus" waltz, "Britta" polka, "Krolls Ballklange," and "Dream Pictures," the last two recently danced here by an ensemble from the Danish Royal Ballet. Excellent sound.
Paisiello: Concerto in C, etc. Ruggero Gerlin, harpsichord, with Jean-Pierre Rampal, flute, and Georges Ales, Pierre Doukan, violins. Oiseau-Lyre OL 50009, $4.98.	*Offered on this single disc are works by three additional composers associated with eighteenth-century Naples—Francesco Durante, Domenico Auletta, and Francesco Mancini. What results is apt to be a little too similar for sustained attention, though the slow movements of the Durante and Mancini "concerti" have melodic individuality. Excellent performance throughout, and acceptable sound. Louis de Froment is identified as conductor.*
Roussel: "Petite Suite," Concerto for Piano, Concerto for Small Orchestra, Sinfonietta. Paul Sacher and the Lamoureux Orchestra, with Leila Gousseau. Epic LC 3129, $3.98.	A varied sampling of Roussel for those whose acquaintance with him has been limited to "Bacchus and Ariadne" or "The Spider's Feast." The value of the musical ideas is—as might be said of almost anyone—erratic, but the workmanship throughout is remarkably consistent and of a superior discrimination. Sacher's performances are all to the point, and serviceable to the conductor, likewise Miss Gousseau's playing of the solo part in the concert. Excellent reproduction.
Stravinsky: "Le Sacre du Printemps," also "Petrouchka" suite. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra. Columbia ML-5030, $4.98.	Brilliant orchestral execution is the substantial virtue of these two performances, which otherwise are deficient in the special kind of tension and rhythmic interplay which distinguish Stravinsky's own treatment, and those, of more recent date, by Monteux, Steinberg, and Markevitch. So far as mechanics are concerned the new Columbia can hold its own with any.
Tchaikovsky: Concerto No. 1. Gina Bachauer, piano, with the New London Orchestra conducted by Alec Sherman. RCA Victor LM-1890, $3.98.	Large-scale, energetic performance with a grateful absence of fussy details and overstressed personal inclinations. Something more in the way of warmth of tone might occasionally be welcomed from the soloist, but the momentum and good musical sense of the performance are valuable traits. Sherman does his work capably, and the reproduction is first class.
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 5. William Steinberg conducting the Pittsburg Symphony Orchestra. Capitol P-8325, $4.98.	Typically well-conceived performance by Steinberg, with all attention to the music, none to extraneous dramatics. Comparatively, the orchestral sound lacks the richness of the Amsterdam Concertgebouw as conducted by Van Kempen on Epic or the even excellence of Stokowski's handpicked one on RCA Victor. The somewhat dry, lean timbre is well conveyed by the acute Capitol pickup.
Weill: Concerto for Violin and Wind Orchestra. Anahid Ajemian, violin, with ensemble conducted by Izler Solomon. MGM E-3179, $3.98	A thought-provoking work, with a highly organized tonal texture for all its acridity and dryness of style. Miss Ajemian plays it with persuasive command of musical and technical difficulties. The second side is filled out by four pieces of Webern (opus 7), with Maro Ajemian providing valuable assistance at the piano. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Marxist Music

Continued from page 39

sophical writers were celebrating the happiness and humanity of the latter half of the nineteenth century. W. H. Lecky, in comparing the modern world with the ancient, while unable to find in the former any intellectual superiority over the latter, was quite sure that the morality of the human race was milder and gentler than it was 2,400 years earlier. It is a pity that some of these amiable gentlemen did not live to view the extraordinary events of the first half of the present century, probably unparalleled in any historical era for ruthless inhumanity.

It is possible to imagine that if Marx, who at home was an excellent family man, had been gifted with prophetic insight he might have refrained from pressing his political dogma so consistently to its logical conclusion. For there was no delusion in his mind about the wisdom or the capacity of the immense class whom he desired to see inheriting the earth. He admitted with candor that in itself it was incapable of organization or rule, and must for its own good and interests be dominated by adroit and skilful managers who owed allegiance to nothing on earth but his own creed.

The old world in the past forty years has suffered much from two gigantic wars; the flower of the youth of each of its separate states has perished and we can only conjecture what that loss has meant to a declining culture. But even these disasters fade into insignificance when compared with the success of the ghastly doctrine accepted willingly by a large part of the modern world. The proposition that it is justifiable for any junta attaining power to eliminate cheerfully millions of people without the least legal or moral sanction has shattered the nerve, dulled the conscience, and enfeebled the arm of that portion of the globe that once looked upon itself as civilized. For this indeed is a Nihilism of the Spirit, and it has not only chilled all those spontaneous and generous emotions that inspired the arts of the past, but has left in its stead only an empty shell of impotence and negation.

IT CANNOT be too often emphasized that at no time have the arts been appreciated or supported by the bulk of the population in any Christian country. Something like one hundred years ago Gobineau estimated that in France, then the most advanced and civilized state in Europe, hardly more than 100,000 persons out

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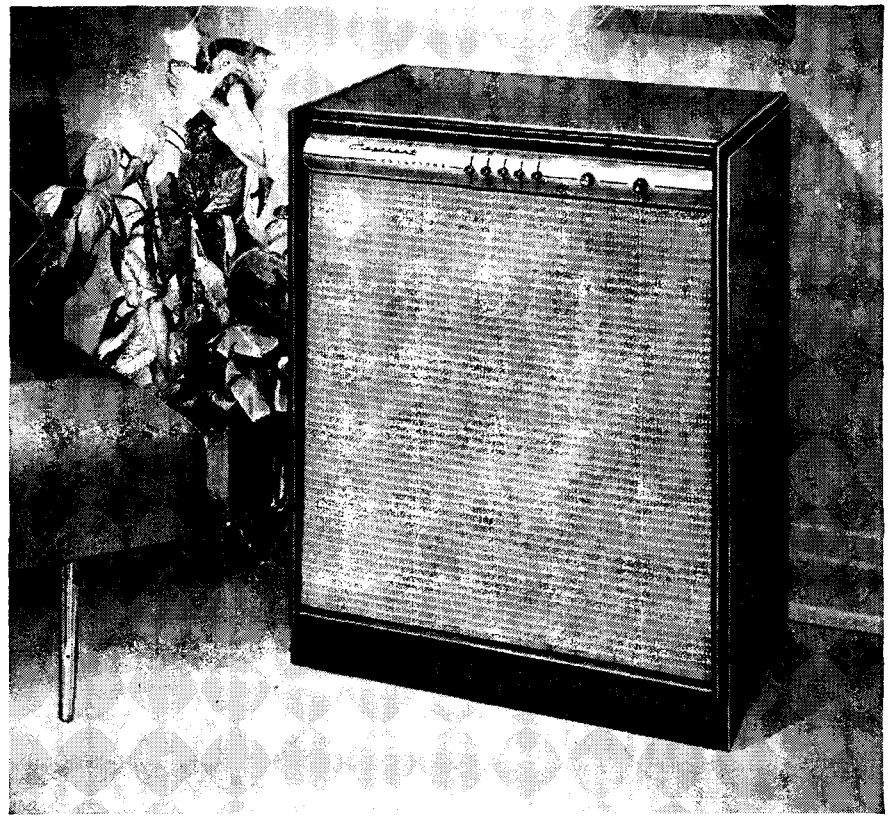

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Recording Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

Bach: Concerto in the Italian Style, Chromatic Fantasia and Fugue. George Malcolm, harpsichord. London LD-9187, $2.98.	Robust, large-lined performances, with no trace of any effete implications that might be suggested by the harpischord. Malcolm is fully in command of the tonal problems involved, and though his registration tends a little to monotony, there is admirable vitality in his Bach. Fine reproduction.
Bach: G minor sonata. Vitali: Chaconne, etc. Igor Oistrakh, violin, with A. Makarov and I. Kollegorskaya, piano. Vanguard VRS-461, $4.98.	From the young Oistrakh's playing of these two works, one might conclude that the high praise for last year's recording of the Khatchaturian concerto was excessive. However, when he matches skills with a Vieuxtemps "Tarentelle" and the Wieniawski "Scherzo Tarantelle" on side two it is at once apparent he is born to the violinistic purple, if not an interesting mind where Bach and Vitali are concerned. There is comparable dash and style in the Mozart-Kreisler "Rondo," a Kabalevsky "Improvisation," and the Szymanowski "Fountains of Arethusa" which fill out side two. The longer works (also Mozart) are better in sound (they were recorded in Paris) than the others, Russian in origin. All are quite acceptable, however.
Balakirev: "Islamey." Liszt: Rhapsody No. 12. Julius Katchen, piano. London LD-9175, $2.98.	Katchen has more to offer, in verve and flair, in the Russian music than in the Liszt, which seems mostly a recitation, at high speed, of a difficult series of words, rather a successful attempt to make anything meaningful out of them.
Brahms: Sonatas in A and G. Szymon Goldberg, violin, with A. Balsam, piano. Decca DL-9720, $4.98. Sonata in A. *Schumann: Sonata in A minor.* Rafael Druian, violin, with John Simms, piano. Mercury MG-80002, $3.98.	The introspection of Goldberg is more suitable to the G major sonata, which he plays beautifully, than to the A major, which lags a little in interest. Druian's two performances are evenly appropriate to the works at hand, with Simms an excellent partner in each. Little to choose in sound, which is to say that both are well recorded.
Falla: "Siete canciones populares españolas." Ravel: "Don Quichotte à dulcinée." Aurelio Estanislao, baritone, with Hedy Salquin, piano. London LD-9180, $2.98.	This baritone (presumably Spanish) is a new name to me, and to the record public generally. It is a rather dry, thewy voice he projects, and in the Falla raspy as well. They are vigorously, if not persuasively, sung. In the Ravel sequence the suaver manner required makes for a pleasanter vocal sound, though it be an exaggeration to term the results caressing. The pianist is competent, the recording good.
Handel-Salzedo: "Harmonious Blacksmith" variations. Salzedo: "Scintillation," etc. Carlos Salzedo, harp. Mercury MG-80003, $3.98.	The wizard of the wires is in his very best form here, which means that there is musical as well as technical facility to admire. Some of the effects in the piece called "Scintillation" are exceptional, even for Salzedo. Corelli ("Giga") and Massenet ("Menuet d'Amour") are the other composers represented. Mercury has done a superb job of faithful rendering in the reproduction.
Handel: Sonata in D, Prokofiev: Sonata in D. Vitali: Chaconne. Nathan Milstein, violin, with Artur Balsam, piano. Capitol P-8315, $4.98.	Milstein's lively, discriminating performance of the fanciful Prokofiev score is the saving grace of a recording which does not, otherwise, sustain the interest of his recent excellent releases. The Handel is thinnish in sound, without suitable breadth of treatment, the Vitali somewhat perfunctory. Balsam also contributes more to the quality results of the Prokofiev than to the other works.
Scarlatti: Six Sonatas (Longo 107, 202, 221, 256, 432, and 487). Mozart: Sonata in B flat (K. 333). Charles Rosen, piano. Esoteric ESP-3000, $4.98.	Rosen is not as well cast in the role of Scarlatti interpreter as he is in Mozart. For that matter, much of the musical result is conditioned by the use of an old Italian piano (reconstructed in an 1800 case) whose improbable history does not improve a sound tinkly by modern standards. Hence, Rosen's sensitivity is devalued, in an unequal struggle to make one ignore the "precious" considerations involved. Hardly, in any case, for general consumption.
Schumann: "Mondnacht." Brahms: "Am Sonntag Morgen." Strauss: "Zueignung," etc. Zinka Milanov, soprano, with Božidar Kunc, piano. RCA Victor LM-1915, $3.98.	It is hard to say which is less suitable for this material: Milanov's voice or her manner. The first is most often shrill and tremolo-ridden in songs such as "Zueignung," "Freundliche Vision," "Allerseelen," and "Caecilie" which make up the inexplicable Strauss group; the second is artless and innocent of subtlety in a genre where art and subtlety are indispensable. She manages the lighter sound of the Brahms "Wiegenlied" pleasantly, and there are now and again well-rounded phrases in the others, but not often enough for one of her celebrity. Textually, one can rarely understand five words consecutively. The second side, devoted to works of her brother (the accompanist) and other Yugoslav composers, is relatively more enjoyable. Kunc's "The World Is Empty" is an impressive song, well sung. But the following version of Hageman's "Do Not Go, My Love" offers no reasonable argument why anyone should linger.
Siqueira: "Xango," also Brazilian folk songs. Alice Ribeiro, soprano, with chorus and orchestra conducted by Siqueira. Vanguard VRS-465, $4.98.	Remarkably fine reproduction of a highly unusual work by Siqueira, utilizing the ritualistic "Xango" as the basis for a composed work rich in orchestral values as well as a soaring voice part remarkably fulfilled by the flexible instrument of Miss Ribeiro. Overside she makes much of a folk-sequence set by Siqueira, with Elsie Houstonish overtones in "A Casinha Pequenina," "Coco-Penerue," and "Engenho Novo." The clear, evenly balanced sound affirms that Vanguard need not defer to any "major" where producing a fine record is concerned.
Tchaikovsky: "Waltz Scherzo," "Sérénade Mélancolique," etc. Mikhail Vaiman, violin, with Maria Karanpasjova, piano. London LD-9154, $2.98.	Able, but rather colorless, performances by two performers hitherto unknown to celebrity. Vaiman is more persuasive in the lively "Waltz Scherzo" and a comparable excerpt from Prokofiev's "Cinderella" than he is in the melancholy serenade, which becomes doleful indeed. Typically good technical work by London.
Tchaikovsky: "Album for the Young." Mendelssohn: "Children's Pieces," Op. 72. Menahem Pressler, piano. MGM E-3204, $3.98.	Pressler has just the right combination of refinement and simplicity to make Tchaikovsky's twenty-four vignettes clearly what they are: the utterances of a great musical mind working within self-imposed technical limitations. He applies as much effort to the Mendelssohn (a product of 1842), but they contain less that is rewarding. Excellent likeness of the Pressler piano sound. —I. K.

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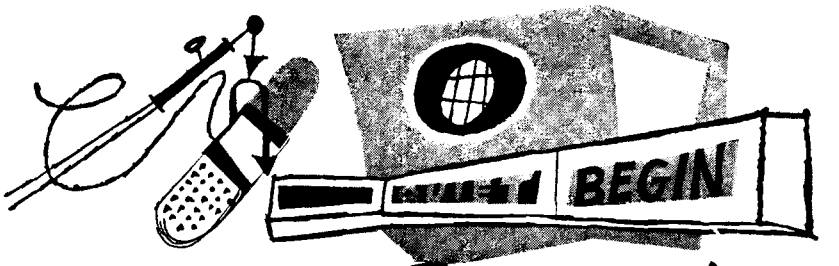
of 35,000,000 could be regarded as really cultivated. Music and painting in particular had been protected until recently by a small minority. This minority, possessing knowledge, judgment, and taste, constituted a solid block of authority and bore some resemblance to an international Academy. It was for its members and not for the greater public that men painted pictures and wrote symphonies or operas.

Today this cosmopolitan lodge of musical freemasonry is disestablished, and its place has been taken mainly by public corporations whose zeal is greater than their insight. A fresh gathering of the select may be in course of self-creation, but at the moment any evidence of a struggle to live is hardly noticeable. On the other hand, there is, so far as music is concerned, a much larger body of new devotees who may be called the rank and file of listeners.

What is the relationship of our latter-day composer towards his audience? We know what it was in the last century and for what set of persons the great masters wrote their works. There was a close association between authors and patrons: one almost as intimate as a telephone conversation. They were the two complementary parts of a rounded whole. Today that association is a thing of the past, and most composers proudly declare that they write only to please themselves and without regard to the taste or requirements of the public anywhere. The latter reciprocates this attitude by failing to discover any merit in the music it is constantly adjured to hear.

THIS IS a ludicrously unreal state of things and cannot continue indefinitely. Our musicians are now writing in an uncanny species of vacuum, unknown to and undreamt of by any of their great forebears from Monteverdi to Debussy. They will soon have to think about deserting their several ivory towers and finding some way of addressing themselves more persuasively to the public of today, such as it is.

For it is a matter of moment that in the next fifteen or twenty years there should be forthcoming at least a handful of works capable of looking unashamedly in the face of those of the elder masters. In the concert-room the great orchestras of the world cannot continue living much longer in and upon the past. Satiety and boredom will prevail and the greatest musical invention of the nineteenth century, as well as the glory of the twentieth, will gradually decline and pass away, just as all earlier vehicles of sound and motion have done.



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No need to see your travel agent . . . for a zestful evening's vacation try *Let's Get Away From It All* (DL 8131). André Previn, a new Decca artist, displays his inimitable pianistic interpretations of such songs as "Moonlight in Vermont," and, of course, the album's title tune, "Let's Get Away From It All."

Here's an entirely fresh approach to ballet: *Music For Barefoot Ballerinas and Others* . . . a series of original impressions, designed to please high fidelity enthusiasts, lovers of exotic musical moods, parlor balletomanes, dancers and choreographers, and seekers after the unusual . . . directed by Larry Elgart and composed by Charles Albertine (DL 8034). Worth investigating!

Segovia again exhibits his genius for interpretation in *The Art of Andrés Segovia* (DL 9795). That the guitarist is equally at home among a variety of musical forms is perfectly demonstrated by "Sonata No. 3" by Ponce and "A Fugue" by Bach.

Lenny Dee, the man who makes the Hammond Organ do everything but talk, has recorded a new Decca album, *Dee-lirious* (DL 8165). These hi-fi organ solos with a beat give the old songs a fresh, new vitality that you'll want to hear again and again.

There's a lady who coins such bon mots as "There are no withholding taxes on the wages of sin" at the flip of a fur. Spontaneous and ever-youthful, the brassy gaiety of this great lady has been captured in this sizzling new Decca disc *The Fabulous Mae West* (DL 9016). Wrapped in "plain brown paper" on request!

Everyone realizes 'there are no songs like the old songs' . . . and nobody sings them like Ethel Merman does in *Memories* (DL 9028), a rollicking collection of 40 great songs from the "Gay Nineties" to the "Roaring Twenties" by the First Lady of Musical Comedy.

We think you'll enjoy Vitya Vronsky and Victor Babin's sparkling *Dances For Duo Pianos* (DL 9791). The album encompasses dances of many countries presented in a glistening hi-fi performance.

With the breathless excitement of actual concert performance, Decca presents *Marais and Miranda In Person* (DL 9027), recorded February 7, 1955, at Fullerton Hall in Chicago, Ill. Marais and Miranda sing such humorous ditties as "Till the Queen Bee Arrive, Honey Hive Cannot Thrive."

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Recordings Reports III: Jazz on LPs

PERFORMER, CONTENTS, DATA	REPORT
Eddie Bert. Savoy MG 12015, $4.95.	Eddie Bert, who is in his mid-thirties, has emerged in the past year or two as still another member of that already large and surging host of expert modern-jazz trombonists. On this date, which is the first to record properly his great competency and steadiness, he is accompanied beautifully by Hank Jones, Kenny Clarke, and Wendell Marshall. There are two standards and five originals, on one of which Clarke takes a clean but rather spiritless solo built on the rhythmic patterns of "Billie's Bounce." On four sides, Bert weaves in and around himself in the ensembles, with the help of some double taping. A fine record.
Ball at Bethlehem with Braff. Bethlehem BCP 1034, $3.85.	This month's Ruby Braff record was made at a taffy pull held last New Year's Eve by the Bethlehem Record Company. Also on hand were Eddie Hubble, Dick Katz, Sam Margolis, Gene Ramey, and Izzy Sklar. The results are enthusiastic and pulsive, with Braff proving again that he could probably construct an impressive chorus sitting in a deep freeze.
Kenny Clarke. Savoy MG 12006, $4.95.	Both sides of this were first released a short time ago on two ten-inch LP's. The first was recorded in California with M. Jackson, F. Morgan, W. Benton, G. Wiggins, and P. Heath (four originals) and the other in New Jersey with M. Jackson, H. Coker, C. Fowlkes, E. Jones, and F. Wess (four originals). The second side is generally the superior one, for in addition to the knotty, if uneven, trombone of Coker and Clarke's neat, IBM drumming there is a classic tenor saxophone solo by Wess on "Telefunken Blues" the likes of which Ben Webster used to weave regularly for the Duke in the early Forties.
This is Chris Connors. Bethlehem BCP 20, $4.85.	Miss Connors is a quasi-original (June Christy, Anita O'Day), jazzlike singer whose voice is big, clear, and ear-filling. There are ten standards, and the adept settings are provided by K. Winding, J. J. Johnson, R. Sharon, H. Mann, J. Puma, M. Hinton, and O. Johnson.
Don Elliott Sings. Bethlehem BCP 15, $4.85.	Don Elliott, an army of jazz instrumentalists, sings the way he plays the mellophone, trumpet, trombone, vibraphone, piano, and bongos: without sock, mistily, and with catlike tread. He does ten seldom heard standards here, and is backed sufficiently by a string section, a harp, and a gathering of friends which includes B. Byers, A. Cohn, H. McKusick, A. Epstein, D. Bank, B. Galbraith, M. Hinton, and O. Johnson.
The Artistry of Tal Farlow. Norgran MG N-1014, $4.98.	Tal Farlow is considered by many to be the best jazz guitarist in the business today. There are others, though, who feel that, in spite of his great technique, facility and range of ideas, there is something in his style and conception (lack of dynamics, guts, and stomp) that becomes damagingly monotonous. This LP, on which there are seven standards and one original, should give ample food to either side. On hand, ably, are G. Wiggins, R. Brown, and the great Chico Hamilton.
Russ Garcia. Bethlehem BCP 1040, $3.85.	Russ Garcia, who has arranged for dance bands and written movie music, has here put together ten originals which are built on a jazz basis and make use of symmetric harmonies, the twelve-tone scale, and other such atomic devices. R. Cheever, C. Mariano, B. Holman, J. Guiffre, P. & C. Candoli, M. Bennett, and S. Levey perform the materials with fervor and understanding but, somehow, despite all the accoutrements, the results seem without purpose or any sort of genuine jazz persuasiveness.
This is Jimmy Hamilton. Urania UJLP 1003, $3.98.	A thoroughly pleasant date which features the clarinet, arrangements, and originals (two, in addition to the three standards) of Jimmy Hamilton, who has been with Duke Ellington for thirteen years. The whole record has a mid-Forties flavor about it, and is helped immeasurably by the consummate solo work of Ernie Royal, Earl Knight, and Lucky Thompson. Hamilton plays an accomplished, rather academic clarinet, and it is good to have him on record as a leader. The rhythm section is rounded out by S. Gross (who directed), O. Pettiford, and O. Johnson.
Jolly Jumps In: Pete Jolly. Victor LPM—1105, $3.98.	Pete Jolly, a young and extremely promising West Coast pianist in a premature and so inevitably disappointing first LP. There are three sextet sides (Counce, Manne, Roberts, Rogers, Guiffre), on which Jolly plays acordion (this instrument fits into jazz about as well as the triangle), and eight by a trio (Manne, Counce). Five standards and six originals.
The First Mehegan: John Mehegan. Savoy MG 15054, $3.85.	John Mehegan is a skilled all-around pianist-teacher who attacks his jazz like a starved man his first beef. The result is a biting, forceful approach that is always interesting and frequently exciting. He is accompanied on one side (the best side) by C. Mingus and K. Clarke, and on the other by C. Wayne, V. Burke, and J. Morello. Three originals and five standards.
The Joe Newman Octet. Victor LPM—1118, $3.98.	A generally rewarding neo-Basie session that has everything, including the Count's thumb prints, down just right. Newman, who is not heard enough here, is abetted well by E. Wilkins, F. Greene, N. Pierce, F. Rehack, S. Wilson, and M. Hinton. There are twelve selections (seven standards, five originals), and as a result none of the good arrangements and good solos gets past the sketchy stage. It's too bad because there is a feeling about the record that it might have been really first rate had there been less material and more time to move around in.
The Progressive Piano of Hal Schaefer. Victor LPM—1106, $3.98.	Hal Schaefer, late of the movie industry, is now working the shrimp-cocktail clubs on the East Side in New York. His piano, properly, is tricky, gimmicky, facile, and about one-eighth part jazz. Joe Mondragon and Alvin Stoller provide manful accompaniment on the ten standards and two originals.
Willie "The Lion" Smith and His Dixie Cubs. Urania UJLP 1004, $3.98.	The Lion and his diaphanous-rumbling piano in a date that smacks strongly of some of those small-band sessions of the Thirties where everybody just took off their hats and blew. Two of the six standards are piano solos (one is Smith's "Echoes of Spring"), and the rest somewhat violent collective exercises featuring H. Goodwin, C. Scott, G. Stevenson, P. Foster, S. Gross, and the brick-handed Art Trappier.
Big Jazz: Jack Teagarden and Rex Stewart. Atlantic ALS 1209, $4.85.	This batch of reissues includes some of the most vibrant, commanding jazz ever put on record. Made in two different sessions in 1940 under the leaderships of Teagarden (Bigard, Webster, Kyle, Taylor, Fleagle, Tough) and Stewart (L. Brown, Bigard, Kyle, Fleagle, Braud, Tough) on the old H. R. S. label, it is still as positive and fresh today as it was then. Listen, for example, to all of Tough's drumming, to Ben Webster on "The World Is Waiting," and to Billy Kyle's barrels-down-the-stairs chorus on "Diga Diga Do." An essential record. —WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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GEORGE BOULANGER, *King of the Gypsy Violin and other gypsy melodies performed by Soloists and Orchestras of Bucharest.* CRLP 156, $5.98.

IF YOU FEEL A nostalgia for gypsy music and would like to spend an evening at one of the nightclubs in Budapest, or even further East—in Bucharest, here is a recording that will save you the trip. Wine is not included. In the sheer exhibition of virtuosity I do not know who surpasses whom: the soloists or the orchestra, and as for their musicianship (except for two Viennese numbers which are meant, perhaps, to be parodies) one had better keep one's critical attitude for other occasions.

For one either listens to gypsies and enjoys them or one does not. They are in a class by themselves and *quod licet Jovis non licet bovis.* Their free (rubato) playing, the kernel of their particular art, cannot be fitted into a frame of our meter and tempo without distorting the original charm, no more than the singing of the birds. One should, but one cannot, learn to play like a gypsy. You have to be born one.

George Boulanger, starred in this selection of melodies as the "King of the Gypsy Violin," is a perfect example. One has only to hear his rendition of a few well-known songs to realize that with his playing this fellow could charm the secrets out of a safe.

Side A of the record is not less interesting. The Rumanian Folklore Institute and the Rumanian Radio orchestras (invariably including xylophone and violin virtuosos) offer a number of fascinating folk dances which they perform with a gusto that would raise anyone's blood pressure. *Khora,* a peasant dance, a Balkan cousin of the American square dance, needs swift feet and a lot of temperament; one of them is even a *Satanic Khora.* The simple tunes take off in a czardash manner and never recover from its frenzy.

Personally I was particularly interested in two numbers: "Early Bird" and "De Tre Potcouii Calul-Sarba," not only because of their affinity to some of the South American recordings, but because of the *nai.* The *nai,* or more correctly *näy,* is a woodwind instrument. Although it has an Arab name, I think it came originally from Kashmir, Turkestan, and Persia. It is a sort of *flauto traverso* with seven or eight stops, extremely difficult to play. Boita Sanescu who plays it makes you feel it is as easy as whistling.

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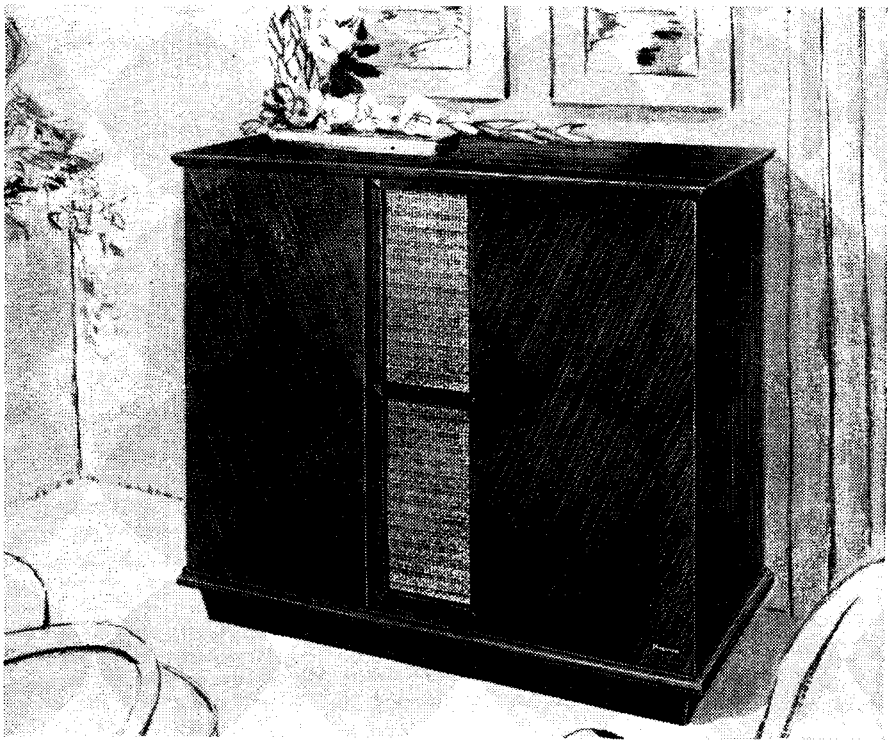

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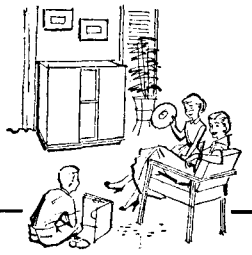

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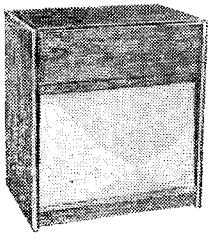

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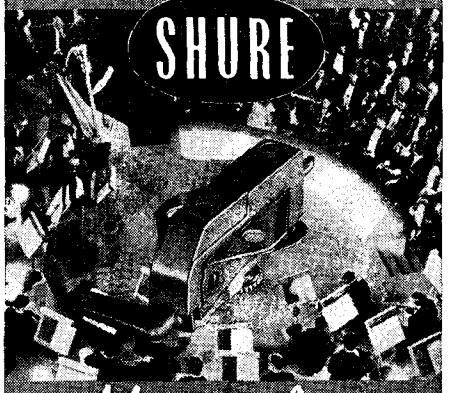

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Yesterday's Gold

By HAROLD LAWRENCE

WHEN the Camden label was launched two summers ago RCA planned to stabilize the catalogue once it had reached a total of 150 LPs, adding new numbers only as old ones were withdrawn. With this latest release the 150 mark has been passed and, judging from the fact that only two records have been discontinued, the Camden line seems in the mood for expansion. And expand it will until the end of the year, when Camden will tighten its belt, review sales figures, and delete marginal items.

Heading the current list of reprints is Camden's fourth six-record album entitled, "Twenty-nine Classics You Should Know" (CFL 103). Amounting to a five-hour "Pops" concert, this is a collection of repertoire previously issued on single LPs and in different couplings. Nine orchestras are featured: the Cromwell, Star, Warwick, Globe, Sussex, Centennial, Carlyle, and Stratford Symphony Orchestras and the Festival Concert Orchestra. They are better known as the Cincinnati, Hollywood Bowl, Philadelphia, National, Indianapolis, Boston, Czech Philharmonic and London Philharmonic Orchestras and the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. Most of the recordings date back to the late Thirties and early Forties with variable results both in sound and performance. A pair of revivals by the Cincinnati Symphony may be recommended for the splendid acoustics of historic Music Hall and the dependable leadership of Sir Eugene Goosens. They are "Der Rosenkavalier": Orchestral Excerpts; and "Peer Gynt," Suite No. 1. Of the five Stokowski/Philadelphia collaborations, two are of that conductor's "Fantasia" period: "Night on Bare Mountain" and "Sorcerer's Apprentice." Whatever shortcomings Rimsky-Korsakov may have had as an arranger of Moussorgsky, compared with Stokowski he was beyond reproach. Although the Philadelphia Orchestra rarely played better, the musical results are painfully grotesque. Mantovani, Melachrino and Co. would certainly approve of Stokowski's version (shimmering strings and all) of "Tales from the Vienna Woods." Little or no tampering with "Danse Macabre" and "Dance of the Seven Veils" make these the best Stokowski performances in the album. The same conductor is also heard in a more modern recording of "Marche Slave" with the Hollywood Bowl Symphony.

Ormandy leads the Philadelphia in forthright interpretations of "Finlandia" and "Les Préludes." Despite its faded sound, the spirited and fresh qualities Talich and the Czech Philharmonic bring to Dvorak's "Slavonic Dances" Op. 46 make this a recording "you should know." As for the "Mephisto Waltz," performed by Koussevitzky and the Boston Symphony, no better version exists on records. Fiedler and the Boston "Pops" carry on with the customary sprightliness in the "William Tell" Overture, "Capriccio Italien," "Overture 1812," "L'Arlésienne" Suite No. 2, and "Capriccio Espagnol." "The Moldau," "Hungarian Rhapsody No. 6," and "Dream Pantomime" from "Hänsel und Gretel" are given routine performances by Hans Kindler and the National Symphony. The same applies to Sevitzky and the Indianapolis in "Peer Gynt," Suite No. 2. Under Constant Lambert, the London Philharmonic turns out a stylish performance of the Overture to "Orpheus in the Underworld."

Still more "Pops" on Camden. The Festival Concert Orchestra (Boston "Pops"/Fiedler) in an album entitled "Six Overtures" (CAL 250). Contents: "Rienzi," "Russlan and Ludmilla," "Mignon," "Fatinitza," "La Dame Blanche," and "Consecration of the House." Were "Fatinitza" (the youngest recording in the collection) not included, the ear might have become somewhat accustomed to the older sound. As it was, its insertion merely dramatized the obvious contrasts, like following a modern photograph with a faded daguerreotype. Fiedler is also responsible for a brisk superficial reading of Kodály's "Dances from Galanta" (CAE 249). The only LP version of Milhaud's attractive "Suite Provençale" (CAE 243), performed by the Schuyler Symphony Orchestra (St. Louis/Golschmann), rounds out the parade of "Pops" reprints.

A newcomer to Camden's orchestral lineup, the Claridge Symphony Orchestra, defies identification. A painstaking search through several catalogues and encyclopedias failed to reveal the ancestral name of the organization, not to mention its conductor. We did learn, however, that this recording of Brahms's Symphony No.

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2 (CAL 236) appeared in a music-appreciation course sponsored by newspapers about a decade ago. Although RCA pressed the records, its anonymity persist to this day. In view of the uninspired performance, perhaps it's a good thing.

EUGENE ORMANDY conducts the Minneapolis (Marlborough) and Philadelphia (Warwick) Orchestras in performances of Rachmaninoff's "Symphony No. 2" (CAL 247) and Strauss's "Symphonia Domestica." When the Rachmaninoff was released about two decades ago it was then barely adequate. Now it is even les so. The "Symphonia Domestica," on the other hand, is one of the best Philadelphia reprints in the Camden catalogue.

Not all Camden artists are anonymous. Three new releases, for example, name names: "John Charles Thomas Sings Songs of Sentiment" (CAE 250), "Allan Jones Sings Great Show Tunes" (CAL 268), and "A Two-Piano Recital—Luboshutz and Nemenoff." The mellifluous tones of Thomas are heard in such parlor favorites as "In the Gloaming" and "I Love Life." Bolstered by elaborate choral and orchestral accompaniments, Jones interprets a dozen songs from Broadway and Hollywood including "Night and Day," "I've Got You Under My Skin," etc. Three 78 rpm albums by Luboshutz and Nemenoff are combined on a twelve inch LP (CAL 206). From the earliest to the most recent, they are: Saint-Saëns's "Variations on a theme by Beethoven," Brahms's "Variations on a theme by Haydn," and Schumann's "Andante and Variations" with Mendelssohn's "Allegro Brillant" (arranged for two pianos by Luboshutz). The duo-pianists are now in direct competition with themselves over the Saint-Saëns Variations which they recently re-recorded for Remington. Although over a decade older, the Camden reprint is easily superior.

During the Petrillo ban (August 1942-November 1944), Decca, the only major company to come to terms with the AFM, broke into the Red Seal compound and carried off Jascha Heifetz on a short-term contract. Enjoying carte blanche as to repertory, Heifetz came up with just about every encore in his repertoire, filling several albums. With "Heifetz Plays" (DL 9780), all of these have now been reissued on LP. The Heifetz trademarks are here: impeccable fingering, on-the-nose intonation, singing double-stops, and firm bowing. Also present, in sugary abundance, are other Heifetz-isms: the mincing ritard, capricious phrase, etc. But this is virtuosity to be admired on its own terms.

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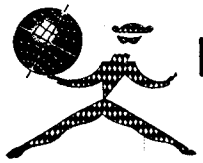

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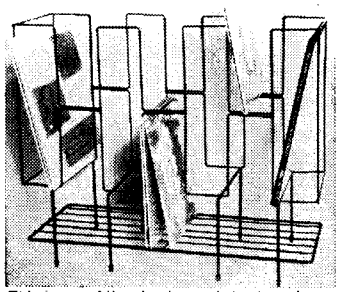

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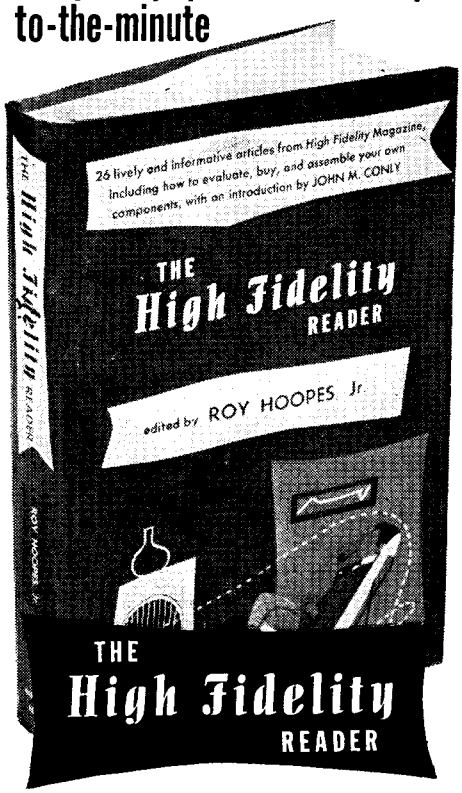
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This Month's Mozart — II

TO MENTION, as top issues of Mozart in this month, new versions of "Don Giovanni" (London XL-1299-1302, $19.92) and "Così fan tutte" (Angel 3522, $14.94) is to leave no doubt that the early skirmishes are behind us and the heavy firing has begun. For that matter, however, these are merely waypoints in the final accounting of "Don Giovanni" and "Così" in this year of years, for Epic has another of the former on the way, and London's version of the latter is also ready for release.

To mention Krips and Karajan as conductors of the two works up for consideration is to suggest that they approach their tasks rather differently. In fact, the basic attitude sums up advantages and disadvantages, as follows: Krips has seen his mission to be to provide the best kind of *usual* "Don Giovanni" of which he is capable, and succeeded very well: Karajan has undertaken to give us a "different" kind of "Così," and not succeeded in persuading me, at least, that it is the kind of "Così" I want to hear.

Krips's superlative command of the music in this score leaves no moment of doubt about where he means to put an accent, clarify an internal line, or bring forth an instrumental color from the Vienna Philharmonic. London's superb engineering has made it possible to hear things which are never audible in the opera house, and they all increase the esteem (if such is conceivable) for the musical mentality which brought this masterpiece into being. In this respect, the individual qualities of the singers are less important than that each suits the overall purpose uncommonly well, and the final chord leaves one with the feeling that this is a "Giovanni" one will be hearing again and again.

However, London has no need to apologize for a soundly chosen cast which centers on the Don of Cesare Siepi, without being overwhelmed by the richness of a voice sometimes a little unwieldy (as in the "Serenade") but never lacking in warmth or musicality. Fernando Corena is as good a Leporello as there is, Hilde Gueden a charming Zerlina, Anton Dermota a better than average Ottavio, and Lisa della Casa a surprisingly well-sounding Elvira, even in the intricacies of "In quali eccessi." As for Suzanne Danco's Donna Anna, it doesn't have the vocal heft that such a voice as Renata Tebaldi's would provide, but she sings very cleanly, musically, and expressively, to the gain of an ensemble sound remarkably pure and finely centered. Closer comment may be in order when the George London-Sena Jurinac-Leopold Simoneau "Giovanni" comes from Epic; but it is a certainty that London has made a real contribution to the Mozart year with this release.

Karajan's procedure with "Così" involves a good many questions of taste and musical propriety which are not, certainly, going to be settled on the basis of the hearing-and-a-half so far possible. It is an often beautiful-sounding texture he has contrived from the voices of Elisabeth Schwarzkopf, Nan Merriman, Leopold Simoneau, Rolando Panerai, Sesto Bruscantini, Lise Otto, and the always responsive Philharmonia Orchestra. Indeed, though the Metropolitan "Così" in English dates from a reasonably advanced period of high-fidelity procedures, this one must be preferred for suavity of tone, niceties of balance.

Reference to that endeavor points to the principal deficiency of Angel's product: like it or not, the Columbia "Cosi" reflects a theatrical entity, with style and a basic pulse. Karajan's is much more elegant in its treatment of the Italian text, very closely worked out, musically, in the ensembles—by

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far its best aspects—but somewhat indecisive, or at least unconvincing, in settling upon a philosophic tone for the whole thing.

Thus, much of the early action—after the overture—is somewhat reduced in scale, played very close to the musical vest as it were, in a kind of dreamlike trance. The manner becomes a little more alive and vigorous when the situation has been set up, the comedy begun; but it never really sparkles. Schwarzkopf's Fiordiligi, though strongly sung, is not as well-characterized as it might be, and the Despina of Otto lacks the raffish quality to make the joke a plausible one. Leopold Simoneau is outstandingly good as Ferrando, Panerai acceptable as Guglielmo, and Bruscantini a little lightweight, in my taste, for Alfonso. On the other hand, Merriman's weighty voice is better in the ensembles than it is in her solos, where the problem of agility has not been wholly solved. Her singing of "E amore un ladroncello" in Act II (it is usually omitted) is a particular pleasure of this edition, as is Ferrando's second aria "Ah la veggio," which rarely survives in stage versions. On the other hand, the recitatives are sliced in such wise that they can barely be followed in a score, let alone convey the sense of da Ponte's script.

The many beautiful details in the orchestral playing, the often lovely blend of sounds by Schwarzkopf and Merriman, Simoneau and Panerai, and the prevailing excellence of the reproduction are qualities that many will find very welcome in "Cosi." One regrets that a few stage performances, somewhere, for purposes of making the work "play" as well as sing did not precede the recording.

ARIAS *from "Idomoneo" ("Tutte nel cor vi sento"), "Figaro" ("Dove sono"), "Titus" ("Deh se piacer mi vuoi" and "Ecco il Punto") and concert arias K. 486a, 528, and 578. Hilde Zadek, soprano, with Bernhard Paumgartner conducting the Vienna Symphony Orchestra.* Epic LC 3135, $3.98.

Both in his choice of material and his direction of it, Bernhard Paumgartner shows the kind of taste hoped for in a native Salzburger on behalf of his great antecedent. All of it is interesting, some of it splendid. Zadek sings very well when the tempi and activity of the music are moderate, but cannot manage in pitch the florid patches Mozart expected his performers to skim lightly. The copywriters, incidentally, have falsified the content of this disc by labeling it "famous soprano airs." It is precisely the fact that virtually all are *not* famous

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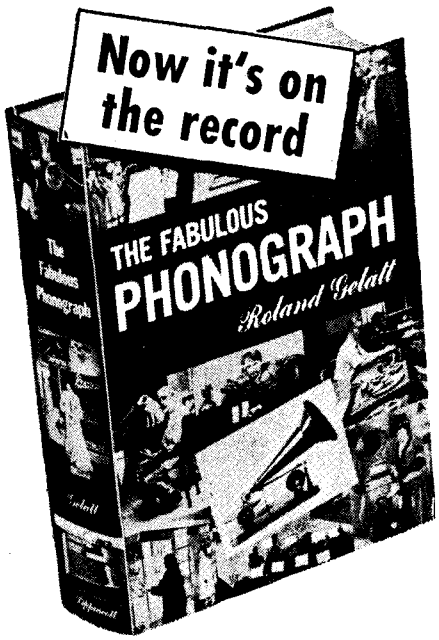

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Album I in the sequence of separate records formerly available only as a complete set. As may be noted, it includes the earliest examples of Mozart's childish creativity, also a sampling of later works.

SINFONIA CONCERTANTE, *K. 364. William Primrose, viola, Albert Spalding, violin, and the New Friends of Music Orchestra conducted by Fritz Stiedry.* Camden CAL 262, $1.89.

Though by current standards the orchestral background here is frequently unsatisfactory (it dates from the early 40s) there is much to enjoy in Primrose's playing of his part and a good deal to admire in Spalding's For the Mozart fancier, the devotion of the second side largely to a B minor concerto attributed to Handel will be in the nature of wasted space, but others will find Primrose here in excellent solo form. It also wears its years better as a recording.

SYMPHONY NO. 30 IN D, *"Eine Kleine Nachtmusik." Joseph Keilberth conducting the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra.* Telefunken LGX 66025, $1.89.

Two essentially routine performances, businesslike and efficient but not much more. The symphony has a shade more animation than the playing of the serenade, but not enough, even so, to suit the requirements. The sound is no benefit to the whole.

SYMPHONY NO. 39 IN E FLAT, *with Haydn: Symphony No. 95 in C minor. Vittorio Gui conducting the Glyndebourne Festival Orchestra.* L HMV 11, $4.98.

A lumpy, too-often strident performance of a work which has more euphony to the measure, perhaps, than any in Mozart's sequence. Its essence is rounded, full-blown sound, which Gui consistently fails to produce. Since the Glyndebourne Festival Orchestra is another name for the nucleur elements of the Royal Philharmonic, this is something of a musical feat. The Haydn (which might be reasonably saved for review in 1957, when the composer's 225th birthday will roll round) is a relatively more agreeable experience, though not in the class of the excellent Scherchen version.

—I. K.

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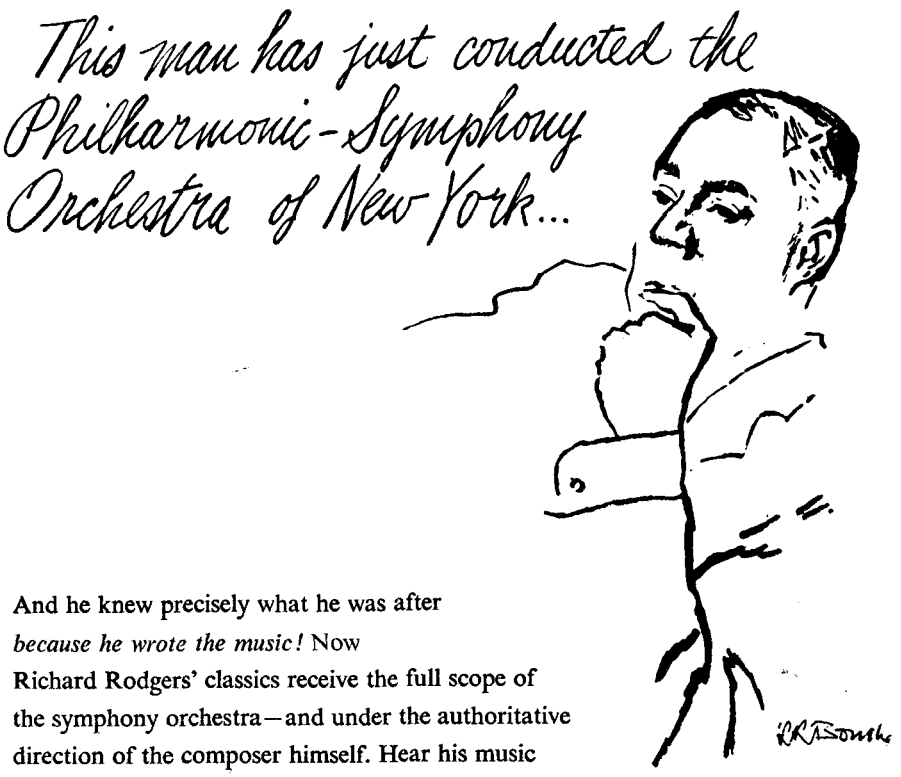
The Other Side

Continued from page 44

comings of individual artists, while regrettable, seem unimportant when measured against the overall achievement. In the case of "Die Walküre," to be sure, there were moments when I would have given much had I been able to substitute the Lotte Lehmann of twenty years ago for Leonie Rysanek and the Flagstad even of the late Forties for Martha Mödl, but the cast, which also includes Ferdinand Frantz, Ludwig Suthaus, Margarethe Klose, and Gottlob Frick, is, all things considered, as good as any we are likely to encounter nowadays, while the playing of the Vienna Philharmonic on these five discs would not be equalled in any of the world's great opera houses (no, not even in the Wiener Staatsoper!).

Lest it be thought that opera-lovers are unduly favoured this month, let me hasten to point out that the lists also contain any amount of standard orchestral fare and much else besides. Beethoven's Second and Seventh Symphonies are conducted, respectively, by Beinum (Philips) and Jochum (DGG); Columbia has a fine disc of the four overtures to "Fidelio" (Philharmonia/Klemperer) and offers the scena "Ah, Perfido!" (sung by Schwarzkopf) as additional inducement to prospective purchasers of Karajan's polished account of the Fourth Symphony. Another Fourth Symphony, Bruckner's "Romantic," is simultaneously featured by both Columbia (Philharmonia/Matacic) and Decca (Vienna Philharmonic/Knappertsbusch): in each case we are given the somewhat discredited revised version of 1889, not the *Urfassung*; Decca's set, besides offering what is, to my mind, the more idiomatic performance, also includes a loving, if all-too-leisurely account of the "Siegfried Idyl." HMV's list contains, besides the inevitable ration of Tchaikovsky—F minor Symphony (Malko) and B flat minor Concerto (Gina Bachauer)—and characteristic contributions from Barbirolli (Ibert "Divertissement"/Fauré "Pelléas" Suite) and Cantelli (Ravel/Falla/Debussy/Dukas), a recording première of no little moment: the Symphony No. 2 by Peter Racine Fricker, performed by the Liverpool Philharmonic under John Pritchard. Fricker (b. 1920) is considered by many to be the most gifted among the younger generation of British composers: his style is powerful, highly individual and decidedly of our time—music such as this is plainly the result of some inner compulsion, for it makes no concession whatever to popular taste.

—Thomas Heinitz.



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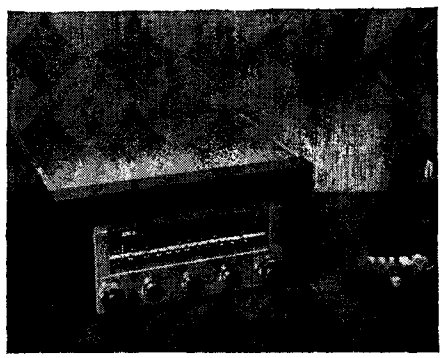

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Pardon Our Progress

TO THOSE who may feel that this department has been devoting too much attention to the experimental or advanced wings of jazz, I make quick amends this month by suggesting a big, juicy LP of classic strains by Bob Scobey's Frisco Band, one of the senior Dixieland outfits of the time. The great qualities of this band are lightness, ease, elasticity: trumpeter Scobey, clarinetist Bill Napier and trombonist Jack Buck are backed up by the superb rhythm section of Ernie Lewis, piano; Clancy Hayes, a most infectious singer and banjoist; Dick Lammi, bass; and Earl Watkins, drums. This record contains the finest traditional-style rendering of "Sweet Georgia Brown" I remember to have heard—the very essence of the tune—and the other delights include an original "Parsons, Kansas Blues" by Clancy Hayes, a poignant and relatively unfamiliar "Friendless Blues" by W. C. Handy, the grand old minstrel one-step "Down in Jungletown," a buoyant "Battle Hymn of the Republic," and the ineffable "Bill Bailey, Won't You Please Come Home." The record is all the more impressive because the Dixieland idiom has been so overworked of recent years; this music is fresh and subtly balanced and demonstrates again that, to be successful, a Dixieland revival requires only a simple little factor that might be called a mastery of nuance in the style (Good Time Jazz L-12006).

There is special pleasure this month, also, for admirers of Count Basie's airy, delicate syncopation *circa* 1936-1937. Seven fine players, who obviously feel now as Basie's boys did then, have combined to make music in the manner of the small Basie combination which used to be called the Kansas City Seven. The musicians are Al Cohn, tenor saxophone; Joe Newman, trumpet; Frank Rehack, trombone; Freddie Greene, guitar (Basie's original man); Milt Hinton, bass; Nat Pierce, piano; and Osie Johnson, drums. The numbers include several originals by Cohn and Greene's captivating little theme called "Freddie's Tune." It must be emphasized that although these men are playing *à la* Basie, there is no sense of slavishness; the individual talent is unmistakable, the trumpet playing of Newman, for example, being a muted joy throughout. The Kansas City Seven was one of the most graceful, refined and, withal, rhythmically urgent jazz bands in history, and this new "Natural Seven" not only speaks their language but does so with much the same fluency (RCA Victor LPM-1116).

The modern jazz studios yield some warmly satisfying byplay between trumpeter Jack Sheldon and tenor saxophonist Zoot Sims—a discreet and steadily interesting duet (Jazz: West JWLP-2) and some saxophone duos by Bud Shank and Phil Perkins on a number of standard themes such as "Paradise," "I Hear Music," "Royal Garden Blues" and "It Had to Be

"Adios."

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You" (Pacific Jazz PJ-1205). These last seem to me, for the most part, rather racily perfunctory, and I much prefer the revival, on the other side, of compositions by trumpeter Shorty Rogers, featuring Rogers and Bud Shank. These little etudes, including "Casa de Luz," "Lotus Bud" and "Jasmine," have their own mildly tropical charm and are played with skill and feeling. I have made no systematic attempt to keep up with European jazz, but the curious will find some first class English Dixieland from Humphrey Lyttelton's band in "Some Like It Hot" (Angel ANG 60008) and a wide variety of West German jazz utterances, from traditional blues to ultra-modern, all musicianly and many highly derivative, in "The Cats and Jammer Kids" (Angel ANG 60007). The so-called king of the mambo, Perez Prado and his orchestra, has made a "Voodoo Suite" and mambo versions of six standards from "St. James Infirmary" to "Stomping At The Savoy" (RCA Victor LPM-1101). This is all glossily packaged music and I daresay makes a fine basis for mambo dancing—the rhythms are firm, not to say flagrant—but it is filled with stereotypes and utterly mechanical in effect. The "Voodoo Suite," according to the notes, was composed by Prado within twenty-four hours with the assistance of the trumpeter-composer Shorty Rogers. This is something like mass production, and it sounds so.

The department of European nostalgia has to offer this month an excellent selection of airs from the late Emmerich Kalman's operettas "The Gypsy Princess" and "Countess Maritza" (Angel ANG 64026). They are handsomely sung by Rudolf Schock, Sari Barabas, Herta Staal and Rupert Glawitsch. Kalman was no match for his great contemporary Franz Lehar, but Vienna buffs like myself will not quibble about that; we will drink California as well as Bordeaux. And Maurice Chevalier serves as master of ceremonies for a lovely "Paris 1900" album, featuring himself and such other current French stars as Suzy Solidor, Fernandel and Paul Peri (London TW-91062). Peri's little song about a small boy who wanted the repairer of faïence to mend his parents' broken feelings is one mood to be found in the collection; another is Chevalier's characteristic quick-step salute to *l'amour*.

—Wilder Hobson.

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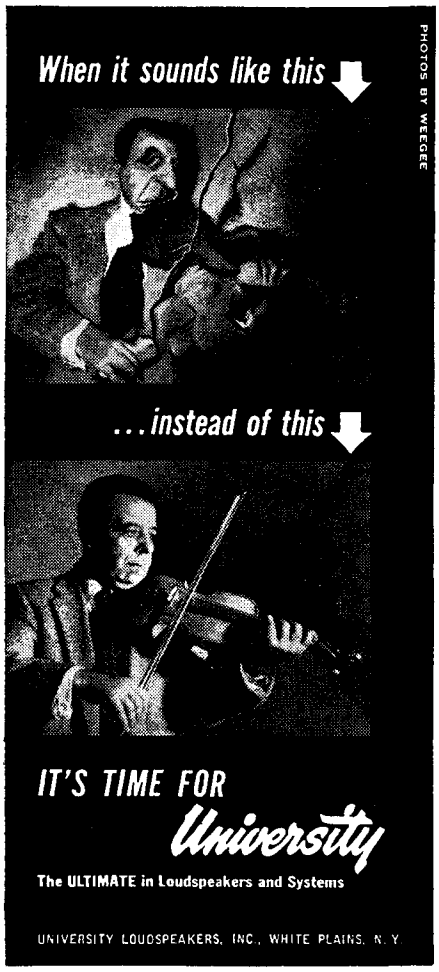
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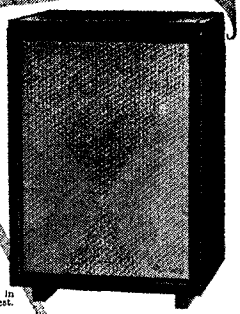

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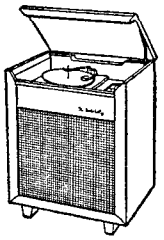

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The Back of the Record Envelope

By LOUIS GOLD

SOMEONE sent me a long-playing record. I read the back of its folder. Here it is:

SONATA NO. 1, for Saxophone and Drum in G Major. Gordocabeza. In five movements, played simultaneously.

It has been said recently by commentators that so much of the world's library of music has already been recorded that some manufacturers have been scraping the bottom of the barrel. This piece, then, has a unique distinction. The Ultimate Record Company, producer of this record, has gone beyond that. The original manuscript of this masterpiece, which was never published, was found under the bottom of a barrel. We are entitled to Iles Tonto for its remarkable reconstruction.

Gordocabeza seems to be entirely unknown to the musical world. There are many Gordocabezas in the region where the manuscript was found but there seems to be no history of a musical Gordocabeza. The discovery of this work, however, should stimulate research, and it is hoped will unearth other masterpieces by this composer.

This piece is entitled: "Pescadores" ("Fishermen"), there being a strong odor of fish on the manuscript when it was found. Studying the manuscript, the finders said that it was entitled "Song, dedicated to the Grafs of Saxony and Drumstadt" [Darmstadt]. However, Iles Tonto made further research and said it was "Sonata for Saxophone and Drum." Since this well-known obscure musician is a drummer, and his brother Tambien is a saxophonist, one can imagine with what delight it was to discover an original undiscovered piece that fitted their talents.

This presents a peculiar but not insurmountable problem. The saxophone was not in existence at the time Gordocabeza lived. But why cavil at that! Says Iles Tonto: "Poets and philosophers have been born before their times, with the gift of prophecy. So have musicians!"

It was offered for the first time by the brothers Tonto in Lyana, Spain. It was not received well. The brothers recuperated after a short stay in the hospital, but their instruments were completely ruined. A similar experience awaited them when it was presented a second time at Acerca. As one would expect in a country ruled by a dictatorship, its further performances were forbidden on the grounds that it was subversive. The brothers Tonto left for France.

They spent several months in Paris brooding over the misfortunes of their masterpiece. And then came an inspiration. Tonto writes that one day he was passing a cheap theatre when he saw a sign that fixed his attention: "Gypsy Rosalie." Ah, a gypsy, he thought. He went in and saw the gypsy perform. Then it came to him like a flash of lightning! Gordocabeza's masterpiece must be presented as a dance number. Not as a ballet, but with a single performer, like Gypsy Rosalie!

He rearranged the piece. Here is Spain! All its sounds! The braying of 1,000 asses in the marketplace—the roars of 50,000 spectators at a bullfight when the bullfighter is gored—the mating calls of the girls of the streets in Cadiz—the groans of a half-million miners of Catalonia—and the cries of a million mountain hoodackers giving their wild cries at one time.

Here are the movements: Part 1: Cabeza (Head): According to St. Vitus. *Mordents*; Part 2: Hombros (Shoulders): French. *Vite-vite-vite*; Part 3: Vientre (Belly): Bump. *Fortissimo*; Part 4: Caderas (Hips): Hawaiian. *Con Mucho Gusto;* Part 5: Piernas (Legs): *De Gustibus.*

All parts are played and danced at the same time. It is requested that this record should not be played without the accompaniment of an interpretative dancer.

I could not play it. These records are really awfully hard to break.

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Music to My Ears

Continued from page 28

come over for a five-months' tour. This time it will be easier because, for one thing, we are not staying as long and, for another, we are playing longer engagements in fewer cities. The shortest, I think, is four days in Washington and three in Toronto on the way home. Otherwise, it is a week or more every place, meaning that some work on future projects can be arranged." Including, he intimated, one with the first score written for the ballet by Benjamin Britten.

As to "the prophet not without honor save in his native land," Webster was ready to agree that the American successes meant much. "Especially the reaction to the first two tours. Those successes had an enormous impact at home. Now it is more or less taken for granted. The only news, I think, would be if we didn't have a success." Pondering a moment, he added "It has also afforded, through the intensive performing schedule, more opportunities for the younger dancers to take on leading roles than if we played the same amount of time in London. I'd say that it was of particular value to Nerina, Elvin, and Beriosiva last time. Probably the same for them, and for others, this time."

"No doubt," he said, in a meaningful aside, "there have been some reciprocal advantages on your side." "Unquestionably," I agreed. "You would have to date the history of ballet in this country on both sides of 1949, when you first came here. Just lately the New York City Ballet had such a success with a full-length version of Tchaikovsky's 'Nutcracker' that they had to put it on for a run. Nothing of the sort ever happened prior to the Sadler's Wells successes with 'Sleeping Beauty' and 'Swan Lake.'"

To keep international amity from overflowing its banks, the subject reverted to the present status of the company, mostly derived from the School. "It's the best corps we've ever had," he judged, "with a number of excellent dancers in all departments, and some that might go very far." The perennial question of male dancers soon cropped up. "Of course we have no Igor Youskevitch," he regretted. "That is evident. Michael Somes is a fine partner, and the other talent is coming along. But, as in your own country, the outstanding native-born male dancer is the exception." Would it have anything to do with national disposition, I ventured, such as that the best Russian violinists are, almost automatically, the best violinists? "I wouldn't put it quite that way," answered Webster, "save perhaps to say that Russians produce more great violinists because more young men choose that career. Our researches show that, on the whole, our ballet girls come from a better social level than the boys. That is, as you go up the social scale parents tend to be resistant to the idea of ballet as a career for the male offspring."

"On the other hand, take Roger Bannister," I said. "What makes him a tremendous mile runner is not too different from the qualities that make a superior ballet dancer."

"What you say," he commented, "is supported by our own experience in these last years since the war. Our boys who go into the Forces—mainly as conscripts—turn out very good records as PT instructors, or in other fields related to bodily discipline."

THE usual thing, it was agreed, is that the young man who makes a career of ballet generally does so when it is late in the game, physically, for him to achieve the highest rank. "In our country as in yours," thought Webster, "it will have to come about as a result of education and indoctrination, till parents accept the view that ballet is just as good a career for a boy as it is for a girl."

In retrospect, this conversation—and this is unrelated to any suggestion, influence, or other prompting by Webster—might have covered more vitally fundamental ground if it had considered the male role in most conventional ballets. If it were truly as well suited to the qualities of the male body as the female roles are to those who dance them, would there not be a wider competition on their behalf? Could one say, honestly, that a boy of nine, embarking on a balletic career, could look forward to an experience on the whole as happy as that of Miss Grey? Depends on the boy, of course, but one wouldn't make that qualification in the case of a Miss White, Black, Brown—or Grey.

Surely there is some plausible middle-ground between the silk-shirted, black-tied neuter figure of "Sylphides" and the absurdly aggressive "male" danced by Youskevitch in the Ballet Theatre version of "Street Car Called Desire." It is a reasonable objective to which Sadler's Wells might address itself before another major milestone—the fifty-year one—is passed. Woman's Suffrage once seemed a lot more distant than Male Equality on the ballet stage is today. But it requires similarly aggressive propagandizing. Is there a Lord Astor or a Mr. Pankhurst in the house?

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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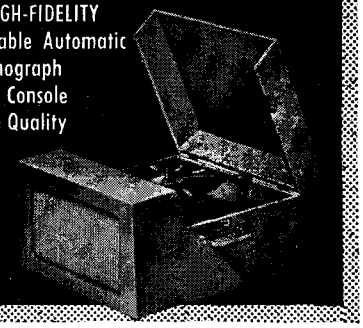

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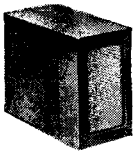

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New Link Between Amplifier and Speaker

By R. S. LANIER

THE hi-fi consumer, generally speaking, can bless with a full heart the intense competitiveness of the hi-fi industry: it keeps him happily afloat in a swirl of technical advances that, by and large, mean better reproduced sound in the living room.

However, this technical ferment forces on the consumer a heavy load of evaluations, often difficult to make because the reproduction of sound is a complex, fast developing art, still only partly understood. It often takes a lot listening by many people to disentangle the results of a new technique from the prejudice, the subjectivity, that are inseparable from our reactions to reproduced sound. Eventually this listening experience does accumulate, in industry laboratories and in hi-fi living rooms, and a collective judgment can be reached.

No such judgment is available yet on one new development, usually called "variable damping," which appeared this year on a number of the leading amplifiers. The layman is on a particularly uncomfortable spot in this case. The topic is technically highly complex; the differences in performance sought are mostly rather subtle; and professional opinion as to the proper use of the technique is in three or more sharply opposed camps, with an additional camp that believes variable damping of any kind is undesirable.

To help those baffled by variable damping get an opening grip on it, here is a layman's account of the controversy on the subject, followed by some tips on how to proceed with your own personal evaluation of the technique. Variable damping is an attempt to make the amplifier match more closely to the particular loudspeaker connected to it, or to make the speaker perform better than it otherwise would. The amplifier characteristic which is varied is the "output impedance." If we think of the amplifier as a motor driving the speaker, then the output impedance corresponds roughly to the weight of a motor flywheel, connected closely to the speaker. An inexpensive circuit can be added to most modern amplifiers which makes the "weight" of this "flywheel" adjustable at the turn of a knob.

The term "damping" refers to the effect of the flywheel on loudspeaker performance. With a light flywheel, the speaker follows more quickly and closely the amplifier action, with less tendency to hangover.

Now enter the complications and counter-desirabilities.

(1) One camp of variable dampers says that the output impedance, the flywheel weight, should have a moderate, rather than a very low value, to match the internal impedance of the speaker itself. Adjustability is necessary because speakers differ widely in this respect. (For the technically minded, we can explain that this is a plea for "critical damping," with damping factors in the range from about 1 to 3.) What this faction aims at is, in somewhat simplified terms, the *maximum crispness* in speaker action.

(2) A second camp holds that the amplifier flywheel weight should be adjustable up to high values, so the user can compensate, if necessary, for the tendency of the loudspeaker to perform differently at different frequencies. If the speaker is weak in the bass, for instance, a heavy flywheel does pull up the response, deliver more power to the speaker at the notes where the speaker is weak. This approach is represented by "Z-matic" and similar circuits. (For the technical: this means fractional damping factors, down to, say, .1).

(3) A third group says the amplifier flywheel weight must be extremely small, or even negative, for the closest possible coupling between amplifier and speaker. The concept of "negative weight" may startle. It is merely evidence that even good analogies do finally break down. We can explain the "negative amplifier flywheel," approximately, by pointing out that the positive flywheel opposes more or less inertia to the amplifier drive, whereas the negative flywheel actually helps on each amplifier pulsation. (Technically speaking: For this very light, and/or negative, impedance approach, damping factors will range up to infinity and into a negative region.)

One manufacturer has given the name "Ultimate Damping" to the condition in which the negativeness of the amplifier flywheel just offsets an internal flywheel in the speaker, the voice-coil resistance. Variability of the amplifier flywheel negativeness is needed because speakers differ in this respect. The claim is that this offset-

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ting produces the tightest coupling of speaker to amplifier. The aim of this group is the *lowest harmonic distortion in the loudspeaker.*

We see that all the variable dampers are after good things. The question is, in concentrating so hard on one thing, have they lost out somewhere else, so that overall sound quality is less pleasing? Preliminary judgment of experienced listeners is not positively against any of the approaches. So far, however, most listeners have been unable to find substantial, consistent listening advantages from varying the amplifier flywheel with different speakers, so long as the speakers are of moderate to high quality and the flywheel is kept fairly light. The required degree of flywheel lightness,—or low output impedance,—is already quite general in the better amplifiers, which points toward the possibility that we should relax on the subject of variable damping.

However, we emphasize again that this is a preliminary report, with much more careful listening due before we can give a final mark to variable damping. The manufacturers have made the evaluation process easy and cheap. It adds practically nothing to the cost of an amplifier to include variable damping. In nearly all cases, the variable damping circuit can be turned off with the control knob, making "with and without" comparisons simple.

Here are some hints on how to play your key role of evaluator of variable damping. First, set the tone controls on your amplifier at normal positions and leave them there throughout any testing you do. Changes in damping often affect the frequency response. You won't be able to tell what the effects of the damping are unless your system is otherwise steady in frequency balance. Leave the volume control alone, too. Set a comfortably loud volume at the beginning and stay with it.

Listen for: (a) differences in strength of bass and treble, as indicated above; (b) any changes in crispness, sharpness, general fidelity; (c) any tendencies to lose clarity, to get a veiled or distorted quality in the music; (d) particularly, the clarity, trueness, sharpness, of heavy notes in the low bass; (e) any tendency to oscillate, that is, to squeal or hum. (For the technically equipped, it is useful to monitor the amplifier output during damping factor tests with a vacuum-tube voltmeter, and oscilloscope, to find any oscillation that may occur.)

This column will be interested to hear from any reader who has a go at determining for himself the aural merits of damping variation.

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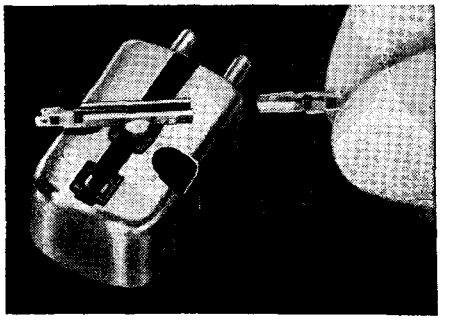
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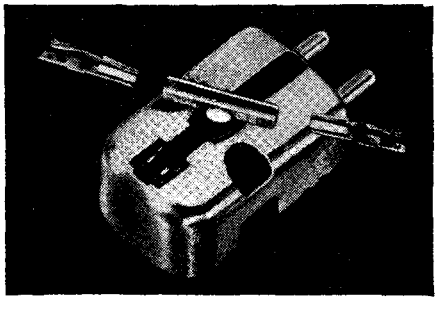
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Letters to the *RECORDINGS* Editor

AN ILIA TO AN ILIAC

I FEEL OBLIGED to make some sort of reply to the letter from Jack Cox [*SR* Aug. 27], in which he objects on etymological grounds to my choice of the word *audiophilia*. Webster seems to support my use of the word. Whereas Mr. Cox states that the endings *philia* and *philism* spring from different roots, Webster ascribes the origin of both to the Greek *philo*. Webster defines an hemophile as one suffering from hemophilia. Therefore, an audiophile is one suffering from audiophilia. Webster also indicates that the endings *phile* and *philiac* are practically interchangeable.

I think that the only genuine grounds for objection to my use of audiophilia (grounds not mentioned by Mr. Cox) is that the ending *philia* is often used in a medical sense. But, after all, isn't that the point which I was trying to emphasize?

JENNIS A. NUNLEY.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

WHO'S FOR HÜSCH?

I URGE YOU to suggest to RCA Victor that they reissue some of Gerhard Hüsch's great *Lieder* performances such as "An die Ferne Geliebte" and "Die Winterreise" on LP. He has been sadly overlooked in the reissues.

REGULAR READER.

Washington, D. C.

SYPHILIS IN THE SYMPHONY

THE RECENT COMMENTARY [*SR* Aug. 27] on Beethoven's music in the light of alleged syphilitic afflictions, alcoholism, and Oedipus complex is to me a hilarious example of Freudian/sociological critical thinking. Music evokes a personal emotional response within each listener. The emotional response varies with each listener.

Still, some critical standards and theories may be offered by experts in some aspects of the art which we call music. Certainly one of these aspects is not the physiological or psychological condition of the composer. A friend informs me that a college music-appreciation course stressed Beethoven's virginity as a clue to his music! Good God! Where exactly are the syphilitic passages in Beethoven's music? Perhaps it is the French horn-call in the third movement of the "Eroica" that is alcoholic!

HERBERT M. SIMPSON.

Baltimore, Md.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Men baffled by genius are as apt to find explanations in the exciting effects of disease as in alcohol.*

ORMANDY IN KOREA

ON THE COVER of *SR* May 14 were a series of pictures of Eugene Ormandy. These are the best pictures on the art of conducting that I have ever seen. Our men have organized a Classical Music Program to aid in passing the hours here in Korea, where the arts we love are far away. We have begun collecting pictures of musical artists at work, and your pictures of Eugene Ormandy would add greatly to our collection. If it is at all possible we would like to get this series of pictures suitable for framing.

A/2C DANIEL A. WAGUESPACK.

APO, 970 San Francisco, Calif.

AN M.D. COMMENTS ON "RX"

AS A PHYSICIAN, I enjoyed R. S. Lanier's article "Rx for Good Music" [*SR* Aug. 27]. I, too, have often wondered why so many doctors are to be numbered among the hi-fi fraternity. As for the distinction between those who are interested only in the music and those whose interest is largely in the science of sound reproduction, I think that those of us for whom the music counts most must inevitably want to acquire a working knowledge of the technical side of things —if only because we want to improve the systems we have. I know that if I want to eliminate the bugs in *my* system, I'll just have to know my way around when it comes to induction hum, harmonic distortion, tracking error, and all the other ills that beset a hi-fi system.

DAVID PETERKIN, M.D.

Langdon, N. D.

WEINRICH AT WORK

SEVERAL YEARS ago M-G-M Records began one of the most definitive series of Bach organ works ever attempted. I am referring to the first three volumes (now on a single LP) of Bach's organ music played by Carl Weinrich. Those of us who had previously treasured the scratchy-surfaced Musicraft albums of Weinrich's playing were overjoyed by the hope that through modern recording techniques his interpretations of all the major compositions for organ by Bach could be realized.

Hope has turned to despair, for there have been no further releases of Weinrich playing Bach. What has happened to the series? Will there be more Weinrich. I hope so, for although his playing differs decidedly from, say, Schweitzer's, he is undoubtedly the most intense, vital, and energetic of all organists.

E. DAVID DEVOE.

Columbus, O.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Carl Weinrich has spent a good part of this summer recording Bach on a Swedish organ for issue on the Westminster label.*

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